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THE BROTHERS.

CHAPTER II.

"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
"They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.
There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing and chasing, on Cannobie Lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?"

MARMION.

So wildly had my imagination been excited by the strange scenes I had beheld, so completely had I acted under the impulses of sudden feeling, as opposed to deliberate reflection, that many minutes had passed, ere I had recovered the full mastery of my thoughts from the dreamy whirl, into which they had plunged. A mile, or perhaps two, had already vanished beneath the fiery speed to which, almost unconsciously, I continued to goad my gallant horse, yet no decided sense of my position had as yet crossed my mind; I knew not why, or whither I was flying at so desperate a pace; I rode on, like one drunk with wine, satisfied with the present, and careless of the future. The only feeling which I remember to have entertained, was one of tenderness for the pale creature in my arms; an eagerness to protect her from the slightest harm, to shield her tender frame from the concussions, which the high elastic bounds of the hot warhorse could not fail to inflict on a being so exquisitely delicate, and, according to every probability, so tenderly nurtured. It was perhaps well for me, at the time, that my brain was partially obscured; it spared me, at least, worlds of anxiety and doubt; and, by precipitating me headlong, as it were, into action, caused me to act on the spur of the moment, with a decision, a readiness of heart and hand, which, with myself I have ever found, however it may be with others, more promptly serviceable on sudden, and what might be deemed startling emergencies, than after hours of mature deliberation. When called upon by the imminence of present peril, I have

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ever found my thoughts to suggest themselves with the speed of lightning, or rather my actions have proceeded with a rapidity that seemed independent of thought,-instinctively if you will. The danger has been averted, and I have sat down, a thousand and a thousand times, coolly to reflect whether my utmost ingenuity could have suggested, had the crisis been foreseen, any mode preferable to that adopted on the instant; and invariably have I found the first impulse to have been correct. On the other hand, when aware of an approaching crisis, I have matured plan after plan, I have determined on one course of action, only to determine in the next moment its utter inefficiency; and when the time of trial has arrived, it has found me, if not absolutely hesitating or unprovided, less prompt at least, and far less confident of victory. It is a strange constitution of mind, yet in every minute circumstance of my life have I been able to trace its prevalence. When a boy, following the winged game in my ancestral woods, the bird, which sprang from the brake, unmarshalled save by the whirring of its own rapid motion, invariably fell before the momentary precision of my instinctive aim; while that which fluttered slowly up, from beneath the nostrils of the sagacious dog that had betrayed its lair, escaped unharmed from a weapon levelled in the irresolution of anxiety. So, in after days, when, in the stormy debates of the lower house, I lent my voice to defeat what I have since learned to regard as the better cause, I invariably found that when I had passed days and nights in study, when I had arranged my thoughts, marshalled my very words, sharpening, as it were, the sword of my spirit for the keen encounter, the ideas so prepared have deserted me, and the periods, already rounded for the occasion, have fallen unimpressively from a faltering tongue. On the other hand, I have repeatedly arisen from my seat unprepared, roused by sudden indignation to confute some calumny, to level some pile of sophistry to the earth, and never yet have words been wanting to express the rapid flow of ideas which thronged, as it were, with the stormy speed of a torrent from my excited brain.

I have dwelt, perhaps, too long on these peculiarities of my own mental constitution; but it seems to me, that those who have thus far followed the course of my narration, will not be wholly unwilling to learn something of the character, which of course materially influenced the events that occurred in the progress of this wild adventure.

It is probable,—probable, did I say? It is certain, that had I been of the cooler and more reflective disposition, which is far more common to men, than that which I have endeavored to portray as my own, I should immediately have perceived the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of my bestowing to any advantage the unfortunate girl, with whom I had so rashly, as some might deem it, encumbered myself. Myself a soldier of fortune, in a foreign land, unknown, nameless, and fortuneless, travelling on a mission of military service, through a district utterly strange to me, and in the performance of duties entirely incompatible with delay, and which must remove me yet further from the spot, whereon the present occurrences were proceeding, what should I, what could I, what ought I to do with a tender and highborn female—for such, from those distinctive marks of natural aristocracy which I was fond to fancy I could trace in

the clear high brow, the silken tresses, the full blue veins, the grace and symmetry of her whole form—I at once conjectured her to be. To protect her from immediate peril, would be, in itself, an arduous task; to bear her with me, an impossibility; to procure for her a protector in a district which I knew not, and in which I was myself unknown, would have defied the ingenuity of the most wily schemer; and to linger with her myself, a crime, a breach of duty and of honor, from which I should have shrunk with a dread even greater than that of death.

It was, therefore, as I have already hinted, fortunate both for me and for my hapless protégée, that I was so completely bewildered by what I had witnessed, and so completely absorbed in the business of the moment; in guiding my noble Bayard, and in supporting my precious burthen clear of the peaked bow of my steel-bound demi-pique, that I had no time left for reflection. I trust, indeed, and confidently believe, that under no possible combination of circumstances could I have soiled that character of a cavalier and man of honor, which it has been the object of a life to preserve untarnished, by the deliberate desertion, and in a situation so horrible, of an unprotected female.

A mile, and perhaps two, as I have before mentioned, had already been passed, without my having experienced any direct sensation, excepting that of immediate anxiety for my lovely charge. The character of the country was unchanged-the same wide tracts of stunted woodland overland overspreading a barren and level soil, with the road stretching interminably onwards in dull and solitary sameness-not a house-not a sign of man or beast was to be discovered. Suddenly I was recalled to myself-at the descent of a gentle slope, a sluggish brook crept with an almost imperceptible current over a muddy bottom across the unfrequented road, and, running parallel to the course of the streamlet, a pathway through the forest intersected the highway. I had already checked my horse, and was scrutinizing, with a practised eye, the nature of the narrow ford which lay before me, when, with a loud shout, several men, some on foot, some mounted, but all well armed, and dressed in similar liveries to those of the slaughtered servant I had observed beside the carriage, rushed impetuously from the left-hand pathway. Before I had become well aware of their intent, the grasp of the foremost was on my bridle rein.

- " C'est lui-Dieu Merci !- En avant, mes camarades"-
- " A bas, le meurtrier !"-

"Point de quartier au scélirat!"—burst simultaneously from the throats of my fierce assailants—firearms were levelled, swords brandished, and for an instant it seemed as if my advance was cut off. It was but for an instant; ere a second ruffian could come to the aid of his fellow, my trusty petronel was discharged within three inches of his ear. I felt by the slackening of the rein, which a moment before had been as tight as a bowstring, that the bullet had done its bidding; without casting a glance on the senseless clay, which had fallen with a sullen splash into the turbid waters, I hurled the now useless weapon full in the face of another of the footmen, and striking my brave charger with the spur, lifted him hard and steadily with the heavy curb. He reared almost erect, plunged forward

with a short curvet, dashing his forefeet into the muddy margin of the stream, and springing from thence with a mighty effort, cleared the dangerous channel, and darted away with a speed hardly inferior to that of the hunted deer. Sharp and quick rang the volleyed reports of a dozen pieces on our track; the bullets whistled round us; a rustle as of heavy wings above me, and my sight was darkened, while at the same instant a swerve from his direct course, and the quickened gallop, told me that my noble animal was wounded; the tall plume, with which the fashion of the day had decked my hat, was severed, and had fallen over my eyes. Hastily I tore the shattered remnant from my hat; and, eager to escape beyond the range of musquetry, rose in my stirrups, and spurred fiercely onwards. In another moment the clatter of hoofs behind me told that I was pursued; for this I little cared, for well I knew that not a private gentleman from Calais to the bright shores of the Mediterranean, could match, with a chance of success, the pride of his stables against the horse I backed. With a grim smile, I turned my head to mark the progress of the chase-a sharp quick stroke across my forehead,-the singing of the leaden missiles, and a second volley,—this time I had not myself escaped unscathed-large gouts of blood trickled down to my beard from a long gash athwart my brows,-you may see the furrow of the scar this day-but the hurt was superficial,—the third part of an inch closer, and my career had been cut short for ever. The object of my glance was, however, gained; in the point of time, it was no more, before the ball had grazed me, I had taken in, as it were intuitively, all that was passing in the rear. Three of the horsemen had already crossed the stream, two mounted on the large and cumbrous horses of Flanders, which, since the complete panoply of the men-at-arms had fallen into disuse, were now considered fitter for the draught, than saddle-from these, as they thundered and already panted along the causeway, it was evident there was but little to be feared; but the third, a cavalier of some pretension in his dress, backed an Andalusian jennet of no mean points or common speed, and he, to my astonishment, was hard upon my heels. Struggling through the miry ford, were several other riders, mounted for the most part on the active wiry horses of Britanny, which, from experience, I well knew it might be difficult to throw far behind in a chase, as this seemed like to prove, of long continuance. I also perceived, grouped on the other bank, the fellows from whose musquetry I had already suffered, and from whom I doubted not but I should meet yet further interruption. Another report—but this time the direction must have been bad, or the distance—though I should not have imagined it so-too great, for not only none of their bullets took effect, but I did not even hear the well-known hurtling of their passage through the air.

Nothing now remained but to shake off, as soon as possible, the pursuit of the horsemen, without running the risk of bringing my own flight to a speedy conclusion, by blowing my overloaded charger. Again I turned in my saddle, and gazed steadily to the rear; the cavalier, who pressed most closely on my traces, was scarcely three lance's lengths from my croupe; the others straggled on at various distances, spurring, shouting, and swear-

ing at their jaded brutes, and occasionally, as they pulled up in despair. discharging their pistols, more to the peril of their own comrades, than of him for whom they were intended. The leading horseman held his naked rapier in his hand as he bent over his courser's neck, in the full confidence, as it seemed, of overtaking his prey in a few bounds more or less of his mettled beast. It was perhaps fortunate for us that he either carried no pistols in his holsters, or that he had already discharged them; for, at the close distance which separated us, had he halted for a second, he could hardly have failed of disabling me, or bringing down my horse. Husbanding his powers then with the utmost care that was consistent with speed, holding him at the same time well in hand, for I was fully conscious that the slightest stumble must put us at once in the power of our inveterate enemies, I kept my brave bay at three-quarters speed; hill and hollow vanished before us; stunted woodland and marshy glade glanced by us, as though they were in motion; the wind had risen, and as it blew keen and coldly over the bleak country in advance, freshened the courage of the gallant creature, as it shook abroad his long thin mane, already clogged with sweat, and scattered the foam-flakes from his nostrils like the commencement of a snow storm, while its chilly breath curdled the blood that had flowed over my features in black and stiffened furrows. Our race had at this time lasted above an hour; and, to my infinite annoyance, I began to feel that my horse's gait, if not actually less fleet, was far less springy than its wont: it might be, that the double burthen which he was bearing had begun to tell; the rather, as, during my journey through that wild and sterile region his provender had not only been deficient in quantity, but inferior in quality, or it might have been that the blood, which had flowed abundantly from a deep though not dangerous wound in his quarters, had impaired his strength. Though not as yet actually failing, I began to be aware that a few miles further would exhaust his powers of flight: our pursuers, though scattered, still held their own. I began to look anxiously about for some place of refuge, or at least of temporary concealment: but, as fortune would have it, even the scanty and imperfect shelter that might have been afforded by the coppices through which our route had lain so long, was now beyond our reach. The forests were already miles in our rear; the causeway, bordered on either hand, as I have before described it, by the eternal poplar, stretched as straight as the bird flies over an arable country, now a vast expanse of bare and frost-bound soil, limited indeed on the distant horizon by a fringe of wood, but without glen or dingle, cottage or castle, for miles and miles, that could yield a chance of shelter. Before us lay a long bleak ascent, the brow of which standing in dim relief against the uncertain sky, bounded the prospect. At every stroke I felt my courser's vigor leaving him; at every stroke I too well knew that our foes were nearing us. The clang of their hard gallop, those hateful echoes, which for the last hour had been lost in the distance, again reached my ears. I dared not-by the blessed light of heaven-I dared not look behind me. On-on-the brow of the hill is well nigh gained-the sound, the blessed sound of a convent bell came faintly up the wind-hope, angelic hope, swept in a flood of tenderness over my soul. I felt a tear-drop-it

might have been the chilly blast that drew it from its locked recesses—upon my cheek. My charge, my adored, though yet unconscious charge, might yet be rescued. I breathed a prayer—I strained my eyeballs almost from their sockets, as my head rose above the summit. The sounds came clearer, swelling on the breeze; and with them, in the lull of the gale, I could distinguish the harmony of choral voices, and the deep diapason of the organ. Another stride, and the holy habitation lay before me; at the distance of a short half league its gray walls and slated belfrey glinted back the rays of the faint December sunshine, which slept in duller tints upon the wide meadows and clustering sycamores that spread their peaceful shades around the house of God.

The first glance was rapture-rapture such as perhaps I never felt before or since-the second was despair. It was, as I have said, but a short half league-the road sloped smoothly down a gentle hill, fair, broad, and easy as that which churchmen tell us leads to the abyss of hell-and scarcely could the horror of the wretched sinner, trembling on the pinnacle from which he first discovers the home to which his flowery path conducts him, exceed the blighting chill which numbed my very life-blood, when I beheld at the foot of that gentle hill--placed there to bar me from my paradise -- a broad and bridgeless river. Dark, dull, and turbid, it flowed along through deep and rugged banks-the best carbine mortal workman ever wrought would have sped no certain death across those sullen waters. A bridge, it seemed, had lately spanned it; for to either bank the loosened joists of the abutments yet partially adhered, though, as the waters sapped their foundations, I could see the white spray leap into air, and hear the heavy roar, as one by one they toppled into the current that had swept their frailer comrades before them to the ocean. In despair, I checked my horse-I stood still, rooted, as it were, to the ground, in horror-east and west, I gazed over the barren country for aid, but aid was none-I set my teeth, loosened my rapier in its scabbard, and cocked my remaining pistol. I had half wheeled my charger round, determined to remain, dead or alive, the master of the ground on which I stood; but at the very moment when I was on the point of rushing to the fray, my eye fell on the sweet pale features of her, who lay in my arms as calmly and as still as though the grave had already claimed her for its own. Strangely had her state of insensibility been protracted, although, in the wild excitement of my spirits, its length had passed unnoticed. During the whole term of that long and rapid flight she had rested, senseless and motionless, on my arm; not a quiver of a limb, not a flutter of her breath had announced a return of the suspended animation. Now, whether it was that the sudden cessation of our fleet motion had broken the trance, as the quick stopping of a carriage will oftentimes arouse a sleeper, or whether it was the result of a more evident interposition of Providence, I know not; but those deeply-curtained lids arose, and, ere they closed again, displayed a pair of eyes, which, though their bright intelligence was partially obscured, spoke volumes, as I fancied, of languid tenderness. A shudder ran through her limbs, her lips parted, and unconsciously she murmured in tones of the most silvery music.

"Sauvez moi-pour l'amour de Dieu-sauvez la misérable Isabelle."

What has occupied minutes in the relation passed in the space of a single second—"If I should fall"—the thought flashed upon me like a meteor,—" what will be the fate of her—and if I conquer, what will it profit us?" The tension of my nerves relaxed; the feelings of the gladiator passed; my triumphant pursuer had already raised the shout of triumph, when I skirred away, as it were, from his very clutches, and, scarcely certain of my own ulterior purpose, dashed at the top of my horse's speed, somewhat recovered even by that momentary pause, down the brief descent.

A dozen bounds, as it appeared to my excited fancy, brought us within a stone's throw of the brink; and if the river had seemed from a distance dark and dangerous, a nearer approach revealed a thousand terrors, which might well have appalled a stouter heart than mine, had I not been buoyed up by the unnatural frenzy, for such I may almost call it, of the moment. Again I faltered!—not for myself, but for the angel in my arms! Hardly knowing whether she was capable of comprehending my words, I whispered, in the softest tones my agitation would permit—"Dare you"—I said—"dare you, sweet lady, at imminent peril of your life, brave you swollen stream? "Tis but a single chance of safety, a thousand of destruction!—Yet must we brave it, or they have you. Command me—I am yours—yours to the death!"

"I dare!"—she spoke calmly, and without the slightest tremor of voice or form—"I dare!—better a thousand times to die!—But you"—

I tarried not to mark her concluding words—I saw at a glance that the banks of the wintry torrent were lined, as it were, by a broad margin of ice, although the force of the stream had prevented its formation elsewhere. This we must clear, or perish. I loosed the buckle of my broad buff belt, passed it around her slender waist, and secured it firmly to my own. "Cling to my collar with your hands"—I cried, in accents far more cheerful than the bodings of my heart—"but as you value life, leave my arms free! God aid us, or we perish."

Rowel deep I plunged my spurs into the sides of the brave beast that never failed his rider, and nobly did he answer them; brave as a lion, with extended nostril, and unblenching eye, he charged the river. The bank was sheer and broken, an abrupt descent of full ten feet—and well for us it was so. Without a pause, he leaped! Deep—deep we plunged into the wheeling waters, that closed above our heads—but as suddenly did we rise to the surface, clear of the treacherous ice, dripping and shivering, but as yet unharmed.

Before taking this fearful step, I had marked, about a quarter of a mile below, a spot on the opposing shore, at which the soil was gravelly and shelving, while the rippling of the waters at its base denoted a hard and shallow bottom. Had I been alone, my safety was now certain. Confident of my own powers, and of the qualities of my horse, whose action in the water was nearly as familiar to me, if not so often proved, as his paces on the good green sward, I should have cared but little for even a longer swim. It was not, however, to be denied, that the season was fearfully

against us; large blocks of floating ice, which had probably destroyed the bridge, came crashing down the tide, and it required all the skill that I could command, to steer my course among them. And then the coldthe cutting, agonizing cold—I felt my own case-hardened muscles shiver, and my teeth jar in my head with the excessive chill; yet, Heaven is my witness, I thought not of myself, unless it were with scorn, that I should flinch so much, as even to feel the elements, which that heroic girl so nobly battled with, so manfully overcame. Never, in all my long and turbulent career, never have I witnessed human intrepidity that could compare with the serene, holy fortitude with which she made her agony subservient to her will. Her clear bright eye never wavered; her cheek paled, indeed, but trembled not; she would not even permit-so perfect was the mastery of mind over matter—she would not even permit her limbs to tremble, lest they should interfere with my control over the swimming charger. After running a dozen times, as I thought, upon certain destruction, and a dozen times almost miraculously escaping,-for, encambered by his unwonted burthen, and overdone by his previous exertion, Bayard swam not with his accustomed vigor, but floundered heavily, so that it needed all the exertions my benumbed limbs could muster, to hinder him from turning tail to the current, and floating head foremost to perdition-we reached the landing place: the struggle was severe, but it was successful! We landed!we were saved! My first thought was of gratitude to my God, and my eyes glanced upwards to his holy heavens,-my second was of my love. I looked on her-but she had fainted; the peril she had endured and conquered! The revulsion of ecstacy had prevailed. A short gallop placed us at the convent gates,-my course of action had been decided, ere I reached the portal, and was followed up on the instant. Deception it was-but, if deception may ever be forgiven, surely, surely the preservation of an angel, such as she I had rescued, might palliate, might justify the offence. I bore a parchment,—a military commission from the dreaded cardinal who swayed the destinies of France. It had been darkly framed, that, in case of its falling into other hands than those for which it was intended, it might neither criminate the bearer, nor profit the gainers. Its object being to confer on me the chief command of a large body of troops, at quarters in a section of the country almost surrounded by open or secret enemies, it ran simply thus:-" On your allegiance we charge ye in all things to obey and pleasure the bearer. Signed, MAZARIN."

What would be the final consequences of my misapplication of this powerful missive, I knew not, and recked yet less. But I did know that I had passed the disaffected districts, and that here it would meet implicit obedience—nor was I mistaken. Had I been royalty itself, I could not have been greeted with more prompt and affectionate loyalty. But this I cared not for—I had learned from the porter, that for many leagues there was not another bridge across the turbulent Marne. I was assured by the chirurgeon that Isabelle, though feeble and exhausted, was in perfect safety—and had a thousand hardships borne me down, a thousand perils threatened, I should have been—as I then was—supremely happy.

THE DYING POET.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

Its wine undrained, my cup of life is breaking,—
At every breath, her flight my spirit taking,—
Nor tears nor sorrow may delay her long.
The wings of death, on yonder passing bell,
In broken murmurs, strike the poet's knell.
Is this a time for mourning, or for song?

For song—my hand yet lingers on the wires.—
For song—even death a swanlike note inspires
To greet the confines of eternal day.—
Blest presage by my better genius given!
If soul be nought but chords attuned of heaven—
What better farewell than the immortal lay?

The harp, that's breaking, pours the richest stream—
The lamp, that's dying, starts with loftier gleam,
And shines most purely ere it sinks in night—
The swan turns heavenward his expiring eyes—
Man—man alone—looks earthward as he dies,
And counts his days, but to deplore their flight.

What is the worth of life—that we should groan?

A sun, and yet a sun,—one hour,—'tis flown—
Another comes, the image of the last!—
What one hath given, the next sweeps down the stream;—
Labor—repose—and grief—and now a dream—
Such is the day—night comes, and all is past!—

Let him go weep, whose hands with lingering grasp,
Like ivy-wreaths, the wreck of ages clasp,—
Who in the future sees each hope decay.
For me, I hold no root in earthly soil,—
Without one pang I quit this mortal coil,—
Like flowers by breath of evening whirled away.

What is the poet—but a passing bird,
Which builds no nest on sands by ocean stirred,
Nor rests its wing where man's vain fabrics rot?
Warbling, while balanced on the ebbing tides,
Along the confines of a world he rides,
A world—which hears his voice, but knows him not.

VOL. IV.

No mortal skill e'er taught my hand to rove
O'er trembling chords that wake the sounds I love.

Man learns not heaven's own gift of deathless power—
Nor mountain streams, their wild complaining note—
Nor eagles, on high wing self-poised to float—
Nor bees, to glean the sweet of bud and bower.

In you aerial shrine the echoing bell
Thrills, at each stroke, in chime or mournful swell,
With varying tune for rites of mirth or wo;
And, like that sacred bell made pure by fire,
At touch of passion proud, or fond desire,
I pour my soul in rich harmonious flow.

So the wild wind-harp, through the midnight sky,
Its wailing mingled with the river's sigh,
Makes mournful music at the gale's command.
While nightly wanderers, with delighted ear,
Drink the sweet sound, and marvel whence they hear
Those spirit warblings of no mortal hand.

Oft o'er my harp did burning tear-drops roll,—
As dew to flowers are tear-drops to the soul,
Which ne'er grows ripe in skies without a frown.
From broken cups the wine profusely flies,
From trampled herbs the richest perfumes rise,
And scent the foot profane, that treads them down.

My spirit formed of heaven's immortal flame— Whate'er I touched was kindled by the same. Strange fate!—I die, with love too strongly fraught. From all I loved, but ashes now remain, And I—like fires that waste the woodland plain— Sink, through the rayages myself have wrought.

But Time?—is nothing!—Glory?—but a word!—
An empty sound from age to age transferred!
And Fame—the sport of far posterity?—
Ye votaries of her immortal shrine,
List to the tone, that thrills this lyre of mine,—
It sounds—expires—the winds have swept it by.—

Oh!—Leave to death one hope which shall not vanish!—
Think ye, a tone, which every breath can banish,
Shall sound for ever where a poet lies.
A dying mortal's sigh—can this be glory?
And ye, who promise centuries to my story,—
Say, shall another dawn for you arise?

Witness the gods—From youth's first promised morrow, My lips have still pronounced, in scorn and sorrow, That haughty name,—frail vaunt of human madness. Much as I prove it, more its void I find,
And spurn it from me,—like the worthless rind
Of fruits in rapture plucked, cast down in sadness.

In fruitless longing for this empty dream,
Man, hurrying downward, launches to the stream
A name, that waxing feebler day by day,
Balanced awhile on those conflicting tides,
Year after year, with dubious motion rides,
Then, plunging to the abyss, is lost for aye!

I too my fame commit to shoreless seas,—
Sink it, or swim, in tempest, gale, or breeze.
What greater I?—'Tis but a name at last!
Asks the proud swan, which scales the blue screne,
If still on earth's frail robe of fading green
The shadows of his soaring wing are cast?—

Then wherefore sing?—Go ask the nightingale, Why float her warblings on the moonbeam pale, Blent with the moaning river's voice of wo!—I sang—as mortals draw their breath—or die; As the bird warbles; as the zephyrs sigh; As streamlets murmur wheresoe'er they flow.

To love—to pray—to sing—to me were life!—
Of all that mortals seek in paltry strife,
In this last hour I mourn for nought that's flying.
Nought but the ardent sighs that heavenward gush,
The lyric transport, or the amorous hush
Of one fond heart, still pressed to mine though dying.

At beauty's feet to sweep the thrilling lyre;
To mark the sweet responses of desire,
In the soft heavings of her bosom, swell;
To call the tear-drops from the liquid blue
Of those fond eyes, as southern winds the dew
From the full chalice of the violet's bell;

To see the melting gaze of that sweet face
Turn pensively to God's own dwelling place,
Borne heavenward by the tones that heavenward fly,
Then meekly bend upon your own their light,
Beneath their long dark lashes, pure, and bright,
As stars that quiver through the midnight sky;

To mark deep thoughts o'crshade her speaking brow,
Too deep for words—and then the holy vow,
Not spoken, but sighed out with panting breath,—
The vow which rings through heaven's sublime alcove,
The vow of angels and of men—I love;—
This—this is worth a sigh—a sigh in death!

A sigh!—A sad regret!—Weak words, and vain!—Death's pinions buoy my soul above the plain.

I go, where instinct points each high desire—
I go, where hope's immortal splendors glow—
Where all my lute's harmonious accents flow—
Where all my wishes, all my hopes, aspire.

Faith, like the bird which sees through deepest gloom,
Faith—the soul's eye—hath pierced beyond the tomb,
Revealing fate to my prophetic mind.
Oft to the fields of everlasting day,
On wings of fire, my vagrant thoughts would stray,
And death outspeed, and leave the world behind.

Engrave no title o'er my mouldering bones,
Nor crush my dust beneath a pile of stones!
What is the worth of marbles to the dead?
Leave, only leave a space sufficient there,
That some poor sinner, haply passing near,
May bend his penitent knees above my head.

Oft from the silent shades of such sad place,
Prayers have ascended to the throne of grace,
And hope been found beside corruption's home.
The foot, that treads a grave, clings not to life—
Wider the horizon spreads—with less of strife
The soul towers upward to the eternal dome.

Break--scatter to the winds, and waves, my lyre,
Soon to be voiceless to poetic fire.

Ere long my touch o'er seraph strings shall play;
When steeped in rapturous ecstacy divine,
Angelic hosts shall dwell on notes of mine,
And heaven itself confess the minstrel's sway.

Soon shall it be !—Death's icy hand is thrown
Athwart my chords—they break—but pour one tone,
Solemn and sad, their loveliest, last, farewell.
'Tis silence all—now let your hymns arise,
True friends, my spirit fain would mount the skies,
Upborne on sacred music's gorgeous swell.

FROM THE PROMETHEUS UNBOUND OF ÆSCHYLUS.

Onward! right onward!—First thou shalt arrive
Where raves the wintry breath of Boreas hoar—
There tremble—lest the whirlwind's crashing sway
Hurl thee on its resistless wings away—
Tremble—lest, front to front, thou meet the roar
Of that dread blast, which none may breathe and live.

SIGHT-SEEING IN EUROPE.

THERE are few occasions, I believe, in the lives of ordinary unconvicted men, where one feels more sincere pleasure, or for better cause, than on arriving at the end of a voyage, and escaping from the confinement of a ship. I have known a case, where the company was so agreeable, and the passage so sunny and balmy, that some on board were sincerely sorry when we arrived at the haven where we would be. But this does not occur often; and many rare advantages must combine to produce such a result. Seasickness alone, if every thing else were favorable, is sufficient to prevent it; but without sickness, the very air, when the weather is not perfectly fair, has an unfriendly effect on the constitution of a landsman, which makes him worthless and miserable. The humidity of the atmosphere produces, in the stomach and throat, and in the mouth, a sensation like that of having been drinking too much fresh water. It relaxes the nerves too, and aggravates in the mind the stupifying effects of too little exercise and a double allowance of sleep; and the unhappy patient convinces himself so firmly that he can neither write nor read, nor apply himself to any rational employment, that it is in vain to persuade him to try. His temper, too, suffers a good deal, for there is usually a head wind; a circumstance I do not note particularly as if I thought such winds blew on purpose to vex us, but philosophically, because I have a theory to account for it. From all the observations I can make upon the winds, it seems to me that they have a good deal of locality in their prevalence, and consequently when you take a fair wind, the first use you make of it being to run away from its residence, you may very often soon leave it far behind you, while, on the other hand, when you meet a contrary one, you must stay there face to face with it till it dies, or until you can fight your way through it.

However, you do finish, in most instances, by arriving; and, as I began to say, the sensation is very agreeable when you first put your foot on shore. I landed at Havre in the end of October, 1833, from the ship Charles Carroll, and in that moment, pausing on the quay to determine which was my direct way to the Hotel de l'Amirauté, and endeavoring to arrange in my memory the streets and corners that presented themselves, which had never been familiar, and which I had not now seen for some years, I seemed to realize at first all the admiration which the French have poured out on this favorite city. I was mumbling over some scrap from Casimir Delavigne about the "douce et charmante ville," when a man interrupted my reverie by asking me very unceremoniously if I had any merchandize about me. I scarcely looked at him, but answered no, supposing him to be an old-clothes-dealer, or something of the sort, and I

was going off, but he barred my way, and desired to see my hat, making a movement towards it with his hand, which I parried with mine, telling him again I had nothing to sell, and that he must not annoy me. "But," says he, "I must see your hat, and your coat-pockets;" and he took hold of the skirts of my over-coat with an air of such authority, that I recognised the custom-house at once, and surrendered. He seemed to have understood my mistake, however, for he prosecuted his victory no further than to look into my hat, and released me. In the meantime, some other passengers had come on shore from the ship, and one of them, who wished to overtake a party who were disappearing round a corner, set out after them at full speed, a movement which my Argus looked upon as so suspicious that he gave chase forthwith, overtook the fugitive, and did not let him go till he had convinced himself, to his disappointment probably, that this was no smuggler either. Our baggage all went to the custom-house together, and was examined in a latticed apartment, like a great bar-room in a country tavern, where two or three of us were admitted at a time, and our trunks overhauled, while the rest waited outside for their turns, among a crowd of vagabonds and idlers, and the porters and runners of the various hotels who were waiting to capture us. The publicity of the thing puts bribery or favor out of the question; but it is civilly enough managed, and unless something appears suspicious, the examination is little more than formal. The next care is the passport; and here, be it remembered, too many of our countrymen make two expensive mistakes-first, in applying to their mayors or local authorities for passports, which are usually made a matter of perquisite, and cost a dollar or two, or often more, and then in paying the French consul for his visa, which is of no value, or at all events only saves you from frauds in Havre, where, if you have it, the visa of the American consul is not required, and I believe to a passport of the government of the United States it is not required at all. What you have to do is to write a letter yourself to the secretary of state at Washington, giving your name, age, and profession, and a general description of your person, high forehead, black eyes, Grecian nose, etc., and with it you may land the world over, unless perhaps in Russia, without any visas taken from hence.

Travelling to see the world is a gossiping business at best, and whoever undertakes it ought, as much as possible, to methodize his ideas of what he is going in search of at the outset, and fix limits within which he will satisfy his eyes with seeing. The world is too great, and life too short, to allow one to see every thing, and the man who does not think so, but puts his faith in guide-books, is fitted and predestinated to be victimized by the valets de place. However, experience, which is said to be good for fools, is also good sometimes to deter wise men from folly, and experience on the point in question is to be had in plenty at Havre. You must go to the markets, the place de la comedie, and the boulevards, to the town-hall and to the bourse,—you must go to half a dozen churches, and admire in detail a dozen or twenty pictures—all bad—but here is one that was painted by a saint, and another worth sixpence, for which a hundred thousand francs have been refused—and another, perhaps equally authentic, which came tumbling from the clouds down a chimney, with a loaf of bread in it

to a starving hermit, that was persecuted for the faith, and in bad credit with his baker, a precious relic which is always kept covered by a curtain, except when the sacristan gets a franc for drawing it back. And then there are points from whence to view the city, and there are the docks and quays, and then the environs, and Honfleur, and Harfleur, and Barfleur, places famous for fish and oysters and cider of Normandy; and there are the localities of remarkable shipwrecks; and there are pathetic stories of deserted damsels that watched on promontories, and what happened to them there, the very promontories remaining to this day to tell the tale—and possibly for other purposes. But there is no end to this, and therefore, except, as I said, for the sake of experience, there might better be no beginning; take a quiet walk in the streets of Havre, look in at the great church in the Rue de Paris, take a ride in the environs, and then consider how you may best get to Rouen and Paris.

Sight-seeing, I speak now for myself, and do not ask anybody to agree with me, is an occupation eminently compressible. There is a large class of objects which it is well to see, and not particularly idle to omit; if you see them, they give you pleasure, but if not, you have not missed a sensation which the world will never offer you again; on the contrary, you will have many opportunities to indemnify yourself. To this class belongs the scenery of the Seine; it is beautiful, particularly from Havre to Rouen; and so are the environs of Rouen, especially one point about four miles up the river, on the road to Paris, where the river is full of islets at your feet, and your view from the heights above them, extending to the towers and bridges of the city on one side, commands on all the others a wide extent of boldly undulating country, which abounds in the elements of fertility and prosperity. The Cathedral, too, if it happens to you, as it does to many of our countrymen, to be the first thing of the kind you have ever seen, will make an epoch in the history of your thoughts. Since I first saw it I have seen many structures in the same style, which are equal or superior to it, which have marred more or less in my mind the distinctness of each other's impression; but that of Rouen, which was the first, is separate from them all and still perfect. We may inveigh as we please against external stimulants to devotional feeling, and we may be right, because they are powerful allies no less of superstition; but there is a strange working in the atmosphere of a cathedral. Its mighty arches and long lines of columns, the starlike tapers burning at the distant altar, the "storied windows," and "dim religious light," the very echoes of your footsteps and humming resonance of your voice, combine to an effect which those who are incapable of analyzing their feelings, or indisposed to do so, may well mistake for the direct influence of devotion and the faith. Its solitude too, for, though there may be a congregation and a preacher in a corner or recess, the vast area will still be in a great measure vacant, and those who come to pray, unheedful of the rest, will be seen disposed each praying by himself at the shrine he has chosen,—its solitude is a legitimate aid to humility, and seems like our avoidance of the world and a partial or virtual fulfilment of a command imposed on those who pray to enter into their closets and shut their doors. But to return to our system,

building, and to the true theory of sight-seeing. There would be, in general but little difference of opinion about cathedrals and scenery, because these are things among which one's time is never lost, and then the repetition of the same effect produces sensations which are always new, and the chefs d'œuvre of architecture generally, inasmuch as they are the grandest of art, and few in number, and widely dispersed, are not any where to be passed over. Here then we have arrived at a principle on this subject, and fixing this, we come next, in order of importance, to the consideration of pictures and statues. With regard to these, I would give my attention chiefly to great and public collections, and not lose my time seeking out little ones and prying into private palaces. Pictures in general are failures, as grossly so as books; but a picture in the gallery of a nobleman or prince, is like a book in manuscript in the possession of the author—it is shown as a favor, and spoken well of by courtesy, till it gets an undeserved reputation. If pictures could be reproduced as books are, exact copies ad infinitum, and brought into the market for sale, we should see the times that would try men's opinions, and many judgments of the cognoscenti would probably be reversed or modified by the tribunal of universal taste. In the meantime, till some invention to lead to this effect is found, the traveller for pleasure and instruction may rest assured that for his purposes there are already pictures enough, and in notorious and accessible places, and that it is better for him to go at once to them, than to burrow for obscure gems, with the idea of getting off from the beaten track. And when he is among them, if he finds, as he most probably will, that his taste is quite at variance with many established dogmas, and that he cannot admire and censure where he ought, let him give his taste the rein, and let it form itself, consulting rather the delight of his eyes in studying the things that afford him pleasure, than the pride of his heart, in pretending to be a connoisseur ready formed. With regard to statues, one may reason and act in the same way, but statues worth seeing are far more rare than pictures, as the artists, for a very plain cause, are more rare that can produce them. The genius of the sculptor, allied in other respects to that of the painter, must be more perfect, vigorous, and chaste, inasmuch as he is obliged to dispense with the aid of color, which furnishes on canvas a disguise for many faults, and source of beauty. Grace petrified is a difficult thing to imagine, and a still more difficult one to produce; and a statue shall be as correct in classic rule as any in the Louvre-it shall reproduce the muscles, fibres, and nerves, with an exactness which, if you are an anatomist, you shall pronounce admirable; as far as you can see, it shall have no fault, yet, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred; it shall in effect have no beauty either, nor give nor leave any pleasing impression. Statues of this sort, if they are good, belong about as much to the department of the fine arts as maps and globes do, but are far inferior in usefulness.

With respect to relics of antiquity, I should give but little attention in general to any but such as serve to illustrate, in some striking manner, a difference or resemblance between the old times and ours, or some special fact or circumstance of history or biography. I would go to see one collection, of coins and medals for instance, but not another afterwards, unless it

contained something intrinsically curious,-a specimen of languages, iron money, for instance, or of the leather coin once struck by a Greek emperor. So of ancient armor; one should get an idea of what it was, but having this, it is quite idle to run about after particular suits which belonged to some great man, and were only distinguished for what might be left in them of him. Armor is, indeed, much the same thing all the world over; the collection in the Tower of London, in the Dutch East India Museum at the Hague, in the arsenal among the Turkish spoils at Venice, the distinctions are only by epochs, not by centuries or nations; the spears, battle-axes, and cross-brows of one age, the matchlocks, culverins, and murderous pieces of another, and the muskets, mortars, and cannon of later times, exhibit everywhere a striking conformity. The grossest savages are very ready in borrowing from the civilized man all his warlike inventions; their hands have a surprising aptness, but their heads and hearts manifest far less docility; points of faith, probably, are not made so palpable to their apprehension, as the arts of destruction, and precepts of morality are not so well followed up by example.

As for localities of remarkable events, I would not seek out any but those where the nature of the ground or situation contributed something, or connected itself in some way with the manner or success of the event that passed them. We all know, for example, that Charles IX. fired upon the Huguenots, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, from a window of the Louvre; now it matters not a straw which window, nor does it assist our perception of the fact when the very one is pointed out. So of Henry IV.—he was stabbed in the street—it is of no consequence what street, one is as fit for such a purpose as another. But when one sees the Tarpeian rock, the case is very different, for much speculation may grow out of its height and form and the variance from or coincidence with the histories connected with it; and so of other places.

Fortifications, dock yards, arsenals, hospitals, prisons, and public institutions generally, should be visited on the same principles; see one of each in each country, and then consider them done with, unless some special inducement is found in the special claims of others on your attention. Reviews, public processions, masquerades, balls, dinners, and soirées, must be assigned in general to the category of mere amusements, and frequented just as long as they amuse; they are marvellously monotonous scenes, whose costumes and etiquettes seem to have been invented for the express purpose of confounding all nationalities, and reassimilating those who were stamped with diversity at Babel. Theatres have rather more character and some instruction; operas are a resource to those who have that taste, and a great bore to those who affect it.

To conclude; I would cultivate carefully an utter contempt for small lions, and always in considering the arguments for and against visiting any particular scene or thing, discharge from the question the childish idea of "having it to say" that I had seen it. The traveller may depend on it that when he comes to tell his adventures, his friends will find, perhaps on all subjects, but on interesting ones certainly, the less he "has to say" the better.

CHORAL STRAIN.

FROM THE IPHIGENIA AT AULIS OF EURIPIDES,-verse 162 to 224.

FORTH from my native Chalcis to the shores Of Sandy Aulis, built where ocean roars, Athwart Euripus have my footsteps roamed, Though wild between the straitened waters foamed ;-Chalcis-whence sparkling, seaward as they go, Pure Arethusa's famous streamlets flow. I came—I came the Achæan host to view-The Achæan navy with its godlike crew. For here, 'gainst Troy, if sooth our consorts swear, Their thousand barks those brethren bold prepare-Bright Menelaus with the locks of gold, And Agamemnon, sons of Atreus old-Burning to rescue perjured Helen's charms From foul pollution of those shepherd arms, That bore her from the sweet abodes, which gleam On reedy-fringed Eurotas, Spartan stream, The bride of Venus-when the Queen of Love The prize of beaty won, though Juno strove-Where Ida's fountain whirls its sparkling dew-And young Minerva with her eyes of blue. My cheeks all crimsoned o'er with virgin shame, Through Dian's groves of holy gloom I came, To view the tents, the arms, the steeds, which strain, In snorting squadrons, glittering, o'er the plain, I saw the kindred chiefs, Oileus' son, And him—gigantic joy of Telamon— The boast of Salamis; beside their throne Sat Palamedes, whom the son doth own Of Neptune, and Protesilaus wise, Pleased with the chances of the rattling dice. Not far from these, the mighty Diomed O'er the smooth sand, his flying discus sped. Wonder of men, Meriones was there, Proud branch of Mars; and old Laertes' heir Fresh from his mountain isle; and Nireus too, Young Nireus, flower of all that glorious crew. Achilles—whom the Nereid Thetis bore, And Chiron taught—I saw, along the shore Bounding, all armed with helm, and shield, and spear, And vanquishing the winds in full career. On foot he flew—beside him, fleet and strong, Four fiery chargers whirled their car along; In dubious contest, side by side, they strove, While shouting, with the lash, Eumelus drove. I saw his gallant coursers headlong run, Their golden harness glancing to the sun. Gray were the pole-steeds, flecked with hairs of white, And manes that streamed in waves of silver light; Two bays, of matchless blood, the traces drew, With dappled flanks, and limbs of darker hue; But faster, as the wheels did faster fly, Achilles darted on in all his panoply.

RHEUMATIC MISERIES.

BY ROLEY M'PHERSON, ESQ.

"Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poets' verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extolled,
So many furies, and sharpe fits, did haunt,
When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
With centaur's blood and bloody verses charmed."

Spenser.

THERE are some evils in this world, that seem created designedly for the especial purpose of proving the possession, and displaying that blessed virtue, patience. The long-enduring Job has many admirers, even in this wicked age; yet there are probably but few to be found, so ardent in their admiration, as to be anxious to take upon them his vexations, that they may emulate his virtues. For myself, having no particular aspirings after the immortality of a martyr, I would be willing to glide comfortably along the stream, as free from any extra share of the ills of life, as from the world's applause for patience and forbearance. But it is ordered otherwise. The pains of a settled chronic rheumatism, most agreeably interspersed with certain twinges to which the aches and spasms of a confirmed hereditary gout are mere "cakes and gingerbread," is one of the items in my share of the comfortable allotments of humanity. I never rightly understood whether the patient "man of Uz," in his long list of "afflictions sore," could number among them that essence of all the combined tortures of humanity, yelept a chronic rheumatism. As no particular mention is made thereof, it is reasonable to suppose that he was spared this torment. Indeed, I am confident in believing that all his patient virtues would not have carried him through that concentrated agony, that piercing of the marrow, that double-refined torture, which, through every bone, joint, and member of this body corporate, I flatter myself I have sufferedwith what patient endurance I say not .- I do not, I say, aspire to the fame of martyrdom-I make no pretensions to the immortality of John Rogers -I was never burned at a stake, nor impaled, nor tarred and feathered, nor have I been tattooed, nor buried alive, nor scalped, nor skinned; but I have had the rheumatism, and, possessing that, have been permitted to enjoy a satisfactory pragustatus, or foretaste, of each and all of these several agreeable sensations. "Hinc illæ lachrymæ."

A certain mediciner, we are told, wishing to give his student an idea, or rather a practical example, of the difference between the gout and rheumatism, told the young Æsculapius to place his finger in a vice, when, screwing the instrument to a degree that made the Tyro cry aloud for mercy, the operator informed him that the pain he then writhed under might be compared to the rheumatism; "and now," said he, suiting the action to the word, "I give the screw another turn—that is the gout." Now, under

favor of all respectable old gentlemen, whose swathed extremities, as they sit in their cushioned chairs perusing this delectable article, do ever and anon give painful response to this notion of the doctor-under favor, I say, of their preconceived opinions on this touchingly interesting subject, I do hereby give my unqualified dissent to this heresy of the aforesaid mediciner; and likewise most sincerely believe that he could have been no better than a knavish quack, or he would never have given utterance to such an abominable lie. But the thousand and one "sovereign cures" for this cureless curse, are, if it is possible, worse than the disease. If I have suffered the pains of the wicked while in possession of this torment, I have undergone the tortures of the damned in my endeavors to be cured of it. I have been boiled in a warm bath, and frozen in a cold one; I have been stewed in vapors, and choked with sulphur; I have swallowed the contents of a moderate size drug-shop. I said I had not been skinned alive—I was mistaken—I have—I have been made raw as a flaved ox-I have been blistered, that a piece as big as a dollar of my natural covering was a curiosity. I have been poulticed, and rubbed, and bathed, and bandaged. I said I had not been buried alive-I was mistaken there again-I have-for hearing of an Indian cure for this disease, I caused a hole to be dug in the earth, wherein I ensconced myself perpendicularly, to the very chin, and had the satisfaction for several hours, in that interesting situation, of admiring the perseverance of a posse of black ants, in their endeavors to make a lodgment in my nose. I remember sneezing while in this comfortable predicament, as Hercules might have sneezed on occasion, while dozens of these nasal navigators were sent rolling in the dust; but they were not to be daunted—the breath of my unfortunate nostrils seemed rather to invigorate than to destroy them, and after a moment's consideration, they again advanced in solid column to the charge; and I do candidly believe that the citadel of my nose would have been carried by storm, had not my cries brought an attendant to release me. But this is not the half I have endured. It may serve, however, as a sort of modulus or specimen, of what ways and means are sometimes resorted to, in order that one pain may be forgotten by confounding it with half a dozen others. These sovereign cures for this malady are in every body's mouth. There is not an old man nor a young one, an old woman or an old maid, to whose comprehension some positive remedies are not as "familiar as household words." I remember once going into the country, to cure the rheumatism with fresh air. There were three individuals besides myself in the coach-a staid, respectable Quaker-a Frenchman, all rings and ruffles-and a travelling country doctor, or peddling apothecary, an animal armed with pills and potions, a few shreds of Latin, and a most sapient visage. This personage was habited in a suit, the color of which had some long time ago evidently been black. Coats, as well as countenances, suffer by age, and the color of the doctor's habiliments had degenerated into a something that would have been brown, if an inclination to gray had not interfered. Under a hat that had evidently suffered martyrdom, peered a couple of inquisitive gray eyes, that seemed eternally on the lookout for a victim. Under these was seen a most aspiring nose, whose peaked tip pointing heavenwards, left perfectly visible a tolerably capacious mouth, the inside of which, as I afterwards found out to my satisfaction, was accommodated with a tongue. I had no sooner seated myself in the vehicle, than the words "Lame, I perceive," escaped from the alloquial organs of this gentleman. I looked up, and the beforementioned gray eyes stared inquiringly. I answered, "Yes, sir, I am lame." "Rheumatism, I suppose?" continued the inquirer. I replied in the affirmative. The black and brown gentleman's eyes seemed to dilate with a feeling of peculiar gratification, and to assume a prouder curve at the wisdom of the mouth, as the whole man arose with an air of deep gravity, and seated itself beside me. "Pulse, if you please." I extended my arm, and directly the digitals of the doctor were in close communion therewith. "A slight fever-hem! eat too much this morning! going into the country, I perceive, for fresh air-good thing enough in its way-had rheumatism long?" he inquired, as he dropped my arm. Half angry at the fellow, and wishing to be rid of him, I answered shortly, "Six months." "Six months!" ejaculated the Hawk-" six months!-astonishing!-done any thing to cure it ?" "Any thing ?-yes, every thing." "Softly, softly," exclaimed the doctor, "not every thing-never tried my pills-my antirheumatics-here's a small box-take two in the morning, two at noon, and two at night—a warm bath in the morning—a cold one in the evening -drink a little sage tea-put a blister on your back-a poultice to your feet—carry a roll of brimstone in your pocket—rub with a hard brush—eat nothing but water-gruel-wear flannel-wash with cayenne pepper and brandy-keep quiet-and you are a well man in six days, or I'm no doctor-' non potest fieri melius,' as Galen says-my card-no cure no pay." A card and a pill-box were under my nose, and the doctor was quiet. I thanked the sapient "body-curer" for his advice, but declined his pillsobserving that I was already under a course of medicine. "Course of medicine !-bah !-follow my advice, and be cured!" Here the Quaker interrupted the doctor-" Verily, friend," said he, "methinks if thou followest the prescription of the mediciner, thou wilt be cured, even as the flank of a porker is said to be when it becometh bacon!" "Ah ha! ver fine," said the Frenchman; "dat is, Monsieur le docteur would gammon de patient-tres bon !-but, sair, I ave one grand remede-dat is parfait, sair, wis permission of Monsieur le docteur-you shall take no peel-no bleestar-no pultees-no bat-no breemstone-but, sair, you shall catch one frog-one leetel frog-when you catch him, take one petite cordefix de corde to his last leg (dat is, de foot behind)-put de frog in de stream -and de water of de tide, in two tree week, shall portez down de courant all de whole frog, mais one leetel bone-and dat bone, sair, will go backward up de stream-now, sair, you catch dat leetel bone-burn himpound him to one poudre—swallow him—and den, sair, de rheuma tis him vill be kill dead as de leetel frog. De frog is une grande specifique—he nevair fail!" I arrived at my journey's end, doubtful in my own mind whether there was not as much virtue in the burnt bone of a frog, as in half the sovereign remedies for this curse of humanity.

PSALMO NOTTURNO. HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PIERO MARONCELLI.

Nell' Africano mar Tuffa la sua lumiera Il sole,—e discompar.

L'Indòa innamorata,
Per caso in-evitabile,
Dall' amor suo staccata,
Sulle rosate sponde
Di fiumicello vien,
Quando la notte ascose
Tutte le cose=tien.

Con placido delirio, Scalza, le chiome sciolta, La poverella Indòa Guarda, o l'eterea volta, O i fior=tra lor=simpatici Ch' è studio suo raccor. E con amica invidia Accosta ed incatena Quel separato amor; E tàlamo paténa D'argilla molle ancor, E teda in mezzo a quella D'olio un esil fiammella. Tremando, inginocchiata, Tremando, quell' argillea Prònuba navicella Sul fiume ecco ha varata, E mira pur tremando Qual essa barcollando Sortisca ramingar, E in-proferito cantico Sembra al Signore alzar.

La poverella Indòa, Se sovra l'onde in-stabili Il caro lumicin Vede securo splendere In Afric's sea, the king of light Dips his broad orb and sinks from sight.

Now the enamored Hindoo maid,
By fate's inevitable will
Parted from him she loves, hath strayed
Beside the floweret-bordered rill.
While night's dusk wings in silence brood
O'er blooming field and glassy flood.

By love to gentle frenzy wrought, Barefoot, with tresses all unbound, The deep blue heaven her eye hath sought;-Now bends she, gathering from the ground The flowers with mutual feeling fraught. Filled with fond envy, she hath wove In one sweet wreath, no more to stray, The enamored buds-their couch of love A shallow vase of yielding clay;--Their nuptial torch -- a slender light, That scarce can pierce the gloom of night. Now trembling, kneeling, on the stream The bark to love thus consecrate Lo! she has launched! and as the gleam Recedes, still trembling, notes the fate That may her wavering charge await, Murmuring, unheard, to God her hymn.

And if along the unstable tide

Her cherished torch the maid behold

With fadeless beam securely glide

Through all its pilgrim-course—consoled

Per tutto suo cammin, Si leva, e consolata Ringrazia il buon Signor, Che la parola grata Susurrale nel cor; " Vive qual vive il lume "Il tuo lontano amor." Chè il braccio che proteso Fe'i cieli, e quanto appar; Che le saette scaglia, Che gli aquilon' disfrena, Che le tempeste innalza Sovra il turbineo mar: Che sa sotto tremenda Di nuvoloni tenda La furibonda notte Nel mezzo giorno trar; E, con-clavato il cielo, Al palpitante mondo Il cãos minacciar; Poi sa in un lampo avvolgerla, E sulla destra il sole, Sull' altra stà la luna, Ed ambo Ei guida, e il giorno A un emisfer risplende, Mentre nell' altro il vergine Pallor la luna accende; E in-numeri delizie Versan dell' uom sul cor, E in-numeri sui campi Delle stagion pompeggiano

She rises, praising Him who saves;
Who bids distrustful fear remove,—
"As lives thy light upon the waves,
So lives thy distant love!"

The same omnipotent hand, which spread The heavens, and all things else hath made,-Which speeds the arrowy lightnings forth-Uncurbs the fierce winds of the north,-The wing'd and sweeping storm sets free Upon the wild tumultuous sea,-Which, 'neath a fearful canopy Of clouds, can bring unnatural night To scowl o'er noontide's fairest light-And, heaven shut out, a panting world Menace with chaos, whelming all, Then, swift as lightning bolts are hurled, Roll back the interminable pall, And lo! revealed on either hand, The moon, the sun, in brightness stand !--The guide and Lord of both! while day O'er half the world extends his sway, And where his empire ends, on high The pale moon walks the midnight sky, Filling with joy the human heart, Crowning the seasons in their flight With honors varying as they part, With ever new delight ;-

Che, a illuminar dell' etere
Le creature belle,
Nella cerulea cupola
Lampe appendea le stelle;—
Quel braccio istesso or l'onda
Da sponda a sponda—infrena;
Quei con amor sa reggere
D' argilla or la paténa;
Quei dilungare il vento
Dal caro lumicin,
Onde securo viva
Per tutto suo cammin,
Né con bugiardo annunzio
Alla in-nocente intorbidi
I dolci suoi mattin.'

I vicendati onor ;-

Which hung in yon blue dome afar,
A lamp of heaven, each radiant star,
To light his hosts above,—
That hand, from shore to shorelet, now
Calms the rude billows as they flow;
That hand, almighty, now can guide
Her vessel on the treacherous tide;
Can bid the impatient winds remove,
That they harm not the cherished ray;
That, gliding safely on its way,
Her breast of pure and trusting love
May feel no pang, of false fear born,
To blight young life's yet cloudless morn-

Oh mio Signore! i miseri Da te non puoi cacciar! My God! Oh! banished ne'er from Thee The wretched or the lost can be!

PSALMO NOTTURNO. HYMN OF THE NIGHT.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PIERO MARONCELLI.

Nell' Africano mar Tuffa la sua lumiera Il sole,—e discompar.

L'Indòa innamorata,
Per caso in-evitabile,
Dall' amor suo staccata,
Sulle rosate sponde
Di fiumicello vien,
Quando la notte ascose
Tutte le cose=tien.

Con placido delirio, Scalza, le chiome sciolta, La poverella Indòa Guarda, o l'eterea volta, O i fior=tra lor=simpatici Ch' è studio suo raccor. E con amica invidia Accosta ed incatena Quel separato amor; E tàlamo paténa D'argilla molle ancor, E teda in mezzo a quella D'olio un esil fiammella. Tremando, inginocchiata, Tremando, quell' argillea Prònuba navicella Sul fiume ecco ha varata, E mira pur tremando Qual essa barcollando Sortisca ramingar, E in-proferito cantico

La poverella Indòa, Se sovra l'onde in-stabili Il caro lumicin Vede securo splendere

Sembra al Signore alzar.

In Afric's sea, the king of light Dips his broad orb and sinks from sight.

Now the enamored Hindoo maid,
By fate's inevitable will
Parted from him she loves, hath strayed
Beside the floweret-bordered rill.
While night's dusk wings in silence brood
O'er blooming field and glassy flood.

By love to gentle frenzy wrought, Barefoot, with tresses all unbound, The deep blue heaven her eye hath sought;-Now bends she, gathering from the ground The flowers with mutual feeling fraught. Filled with fond envy, she hath wove In one sweet wreath, no more to stray, The enamored buds-their couch of love A shallow vase of yielding clay ;--Their nuptial torch -- a slender light, That scarce can pierce the gloom of night. Now trembling, kneeling, on the stream The bark to love thus consecrate Lo! she has launched! and as the gleam Recedes, still trembling, notes the fate That may her wavering charge await, Murmuring, unheard, to God her hymn.

And if along the unstable tide
Her cherished torch the maid behold
With fadeless beam securely glide
Through all its pilgrim-course--consoled

Per tutto suo cammin, Si leva, e consolata Ringrazia il buon Signor, Che la parola grata Susurrale nel cor; "Vive qual vive il lume "Il tuo lontano amor." Ché il braccio che proteso Fe'i cieli, e quanto appar; Che le saette scaglia, Che gli aquilon' disfrena, Che le tempeste innalza Sovra il turbineo mar; Che sa sotto tremenda Di nuvoloni tenda La furibonda notte Nel mezzo giorno trar; E, con-clavato il cielo, Al palpitante mondo Il cãos minacciar ; Poi sa in un lampo avvolgerla, E sulla destra il sole, Sull' altra stà la luna, Ed ambo Ei guida, e il giorno A un emisfer risplende, Mentre nell' altro il vergine Pallor la luna accende; E in-numeri delizie Versan dell' uom sul cor, E in-numeri sui campi Delle stagion pompeggiano

She rises, praising Him who saves;
Who bids distrustful fear remove,—
"As lives thy light upon the waves,
So lives thy distant love!"

The same omnipotent hand, which spread The heavens, and all things else hath made,-Which speeds the arrowy lightnings forth-Uncurbs the fierce winds of the north,-The wing'd and sweeping storm sets free Upon the wild tumultuous sea,-Which, 'neath a fearful canopy Of clouds, can bring unnatural night To scowl o'er noontide's fairest light--And, heaven shut out, a panting world Menace with chaos, whelming all, Then, swift as lightning bolts are hurled. Roll back the interminable pall, And lo! revealed on either hand, The moon, the sun, in brightness stand !--The guide and Lord of both! while day O'er half the world extends his sway, And where his empire ends, on high The pale moon walks the midnight sky, Filling with joy the human heart, Crowning the seasons in their flight With honors varying as they part, With ever new delight ;-

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May feel no pang, of false fear born,
To blight young life's yet cloudless morn.

Oh mio Signore! i miseri Da te non puoi cacciar!

I dolci suoi mattin.'

My God! Oh! banished ne'er from Thee The wretched or the lost can be!

Del Sol l'immensa porpora
Funereamente stesa
Vidi or sull'ampio mar,
E Se con fronte offesa
Nell'acque sepolerar,
Ed il Peccato in tènebre
Ne' petti quïetar.

Even now upon the ample wave

Was spread the purple pall of day;

Now, sinking to his billowy grave,

Sinking with brow displeased away,

The sun has left, with darkness, rest

To guilt within the sinner's breast.

Quiete scelerata,
Va, va da me fugata,
Che nel tremendo buio
Io troverò un altar,
Né là in-uditi i miseri
Può il mio Signor cacciar.

False, impious rest, away!

Far from this bosom! Even here,
Here, in the gloom that knows no ray,
My soul shall find an altar near;
Nor here, unheard, or driven from Thee,
Oh God! the wretched e'er can be!

Signore! amor mio primo, Primo amor mio tu se'! Dimmi, tu vivi ?--Eterno Tu vivi, ah sì, la luce Della mia fe mel dice, Che a piedi tuoi m' adduce. Ma vivi tu per me? Per me che argilla sono, Che piccioletta fiamma Dell' amor tuo m' ho in dono. E la fiumana a prova Da tutte parti sbattemi, E schermo il cor non trova. Pietà, pietà, Signor! S' oggi da te in esiglio Mi travolveva il turbine Per troppo lungo error, Deh! questa notte il cor Gitti nel porto l' àncora, E colà trovi il glutine Che a te l' aggiunga ognor. Lord! who wert still my earliest friend! To Thee my heart's first hopes ascend! Thou livest !-- in thine eternity-So speaks the beam, in sorrow's night Of faith that leads my soul to Thee; Even as the Hindoo's votive light Speaks of her absent love: But liv'st Thou, throned in bliss above, For me, the vessel frail of clay, Where gleams with feeble ray The love thy goodness gave-The sport of fate's impetuous tide, Beset by waves on every side. With none-with none to save! Save Thou! If far from Thee this day By pitiless tempests driven, In error's dangerous gloom I stray, Oh! be thy succor given! This night my heart's sure anchor cast In the blest port, from danger free; Where taught by fear and suffering past, I ne'er may wander, Lord! from Thee!

TOM'S THOUGHT-IT'S VALUE.

Tom thinks me quite unworthy of his thought, And such a notion makes me nothing grim; For, do you see, I all along have taught, The thought of Tom is only worthy him.

A VISIT TO SHAKSPEARE'S GRAVE,

AT STRATFORD UPON AVON.

Some lines of poetry inscribed on the walls of the humble mansion at Stratford, where Shakspeare was born, by WALTER SCOTT, IRVING, and other memorable personages, recal to mind a visit we made to this town some years since. We could scarcely pretend to say any thing new on this theme, after the inimitable chapter in the Sketch Book. The lovely village of Stratford, and the lovelier banks of the beautiful winding Avon, on which it is situated, are precisely such a spot as our fancy would have imagined the immortal bard to have been born in, and the most fitting place where his ashes could be inurned. It more than realizes, in its picturesque imagery, all those enchanting descriptions of English landscape scenery, which, to those who have not revelled upon them with their own eyes, seem like fairy tales of fable and romance. It is true there is not in the immediate vicinity any of those grand and terrific objects of overhanging mountains, and "cloud capt towers," or "solemn temples," upon which the sublimity of his genius may be thought to have been nurtured; but there are the sweet and charming pictures of still and rural life, upon which he sometimes discourses with such exquisite feeling, and which were, no doubt, derived from his own native Avon, and associated with his earliest reminiscences when he was yet a youth, and drank in with impassioned ardor from those pure exhaustless fountains of Nature's beauties. It was to these he returned when possessed of a handsome competency from his successful dramatic career; he purchased the house called "New Place," near the church with its little pointed spire, where, embowered in overhanging willows, lime trees, and elms, his mortal relics lie entombed. Who, that has ever visited England in the season of its verdure, can ever forget the lovely vale of the Avon-its meadows ornamented with the violet, daisy, and primrose, growing wild amidst the luxuriant clover-its hedges and cottages overrun with the sweet woodbine and eglantine-or wild briar-and its gray castles and ruins mantled over with the deep green foliage of the ever-verdant ivy. The farm houses, too, are in some places overspread with the apricot and other trees, fastened against their walls, and the door yard lawns are ornamented with the sweetest flower-beds, that perfume the very air with their delicious fragrance. How true to nature, and how exquisitely charming, are Shakspeare's own allusions to these objects:-

> "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, Where ex-lips and the nodding violet grows; Quite over-canopied with bush wood-bine, With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine."

Again,-

"Go bind thou up you dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to their bending twigs."

We had put up at the White Lion Inn, and soon saw, as we ascended to our room, that the very air was imbued, as it ought to be, with the memory of this tutelary saint of England's divinest poesy. A portrait of him hung on the staircase, and beneath where these endeared lines of Milton:—

"Here sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child, Warbled his native wood-notes wild."

Over the doors of the bed-chambers were the names of his different plays, just as they were left when Garrick held his jubilee here in honor of the bard; such as "Hamlet," "Othello," &c.

In the town hall, too, was Garrick's full length portrait, embracing in his arms Shakspeare's bust; and also a marble statue of the poet, presented by the great actor to the town. A little servant boy acted as our cicerone, and led us to the church through an arbor-walk of lime trees, midst innumerable grave stones:—Where the "rude forefathers of the hamlet slept," "each in his narrow cell forever laid." "Some mute inglorious Milton," perhaps, "or some village Hampden," may here quietly repose. Here, in the chancel of the church near the altar, and on the second step, under a red sandstone slab, lie the mouldering ashes of Shakspeare, with these lines of his own thus engraved upon it in large capitals, here transcribed verbatim:—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To dig the dust encloased heare,
Blest be ye man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

On the left of the slab on the wall is the famous bust, placed there seven years after his death, and doubtless the best likeness of him extant. Next to Shakspeare lies his wife, Anne Hathaway; their daughter Susannah, and her husband Dr. Hall; and Thomas Nash, Esq., husband of the last descendant of the poet. Within the chancel, however, occupying a more aristocratic position, is the tomb and effigy of the famous Johnny Combe, the rich usurer, made immortal by Shakspeare's celebrated cutting epitaph on him, written at Combe's request. The elongated visage and grotesque prominent features of Combe, are such as we should instinctively imagine belonged to a hoarding miser. These were the lines referred to:—

"Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,
"Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved:
If any one ask who lies in this tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, it is my John a Combe."

He died two years before Shakspeare. In the little humble mansion, said to be the house in which Shakspeare was born, the walls are covered with

pencil marks of poetry, and the names of the authors subjoined. Lord Byron's was effaced, but Scott's was still there, with Lockhart's, Roscoe's, and myriads of other pilgrims to this revered shrine. Over the door is this sign, "The Maiden Head Inn, by Ann Court," the name of the old hag of a woman who exhibits the house, album, &c.

Among other laudatory verses inscribed by anonymous writers on the walls, are the following, never before published:—

"Oh! where's the bard, who at one view Could look the whole creation through, Who traversed all the human heart, Without recourse to Grecian art—He scorned the rules of imitation, Of altering, pilfering, and translation; Nor painted honor, grief, or rage, From models of a former age—The bright original he took, And tore the leaf from Nature's book."

Another runs thus,-

"Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue, Nature's unbounded portrait Shakspeare drew; But chief the group of human woes The daring artist's pencil chose."

Another,-

"Methinks I see with fancy's magic eye
The shade of Shakspeare in yon azure sky;
On yon high cloud behold the bard advance,
Piercing all nature with a single glance;
In various attitudes around him stand,
The Passions waiting for his dread command:
First kneeling Love before his feet appears,
And, musically sighing, melts in tears;
Near him fell Jealousy with fury burns,
And into storms the amorous breathings turns;
Then Hope, with heavenward look and joy draws near;
While palsied Terror trembles in the rear."

Another less pretending,-

"Stranger! tread not these hallowed boards with scorn;
Within this room great Shakspeare was born!
With reverence due, bow to his sacred worth—
Great Nature wrought a wonder when she gave him birth."

CALAVAR.

OR

THE KNIGHT OF THE CONQUEST.*

It is, we believe, solely in compliance with a fashion of the day, which, like most other fashions, we have no hesitation in pronouncing inconvenient and absurd, that the name of the author is not to be found in the title-page of this work; we therefore are guilty of no breach of confidence, whether public or private, in attributing it to a gentleman who has already achieved a desirable reputation by his dramatic writings, a species of composition undoubtedly the noblest, as it is the most arduous, within the sphere of polite literature. The tragedies of Dr. Bird, the Gladiator in particular, if they do not justify the praises which have been lavished upon him by his admirers as a great tragedian, are at least sufficient to stamp him a poet of no mean order; and this is the quality which is most conspicuously displayed in the pages of Calavar. The Knight of the Conquest is, unquestionably, the work of a man of eminent genius, correct taste, brilliant imagination, and high poetic feeling. Many of the characters are exceedingly well drawn; almost all the descriptions are graphic to a degree that can be paralleled only by the glowing pictures of Ivanhoe; yet, as a whole, Calavar is not a good novel. It is deficient in two great points, without which no novel can be deemed complete, intelligible interest, and female characters. The title is a misnomer, but for this we care little! Calavar himself,—a madman, who, rendered frantic by his guilty consciousness of crimes committed during the wars of Granada, is represented as playing all manner of "fantastic tricks before high heaven," in the earlier period of the Mexican conquest,—is a personage for whom no one can pretend to feel the smallest interest. The real hero of the piece, Don Amador de Leste, is perhaps as perfect a picture of the genuine Spanish cavalier, brave, courteous, punctilious, honorable even to a fault, as has been described. An objection, which we heard brought against this character, though just in itself, and undoubtedly pointing out a cause which withholds our sympathies in some degree from Don Amador, as well as from his crack-brained kinsman, nevertheless goes far to prove the faithfulness of the portrait. The observation was that the novice, for such he is, of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, is not a pleasing likeness of a Spanish Hidalgo, because he strikes the imagination at once as being a

* CALAVAR, OF THE KNIGHT OF THE CONQUEST, a Romance of Mexico.

Escucha, pues, un rato, y dire cosas Estranas y Espantosas, poco a poco-

Garcilaso de la Vega

2 vols., 12mo. Carey, Lea, & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

rational Don Quixote. A rational Don Quixote! Had we wished to define in four words a true knight of Spain, we do not know on what more appropriate phrase we could have alighted. It is the very creature, with all its virtues, all its follies, drawn to the life, and set before us in a perfect description of three short words. Don Amador de Leste is a rational Don Quixote; and, had not the spirit of that fantastic order, which was crushed by the inimitable ridicule of Cervantes, tended to make all its votaries such in truth, there would have been neither wit nor point in the absurdities of the knight of La Mancha. The story, if story can be said to exist, is this, - Don Calavar, a noble Spanish knight, driven mad by having killed, in a moment of frenzy, a Moorish warrior of the Zegri, to whom he had sworn eternal gratitude and friendship, and a lady of the same race of whom he was somewhat rashly jealous, is serving, at the opening of the romance, with Hernan Cortez in the newly discovered realms of Mexico. Don Amador arrives on the coast, in search of his kinsman, whom it seems he had lost sight of, or, as he chooses to term it, deserted, in consequence of his love of a Moorish-Christian lady. His love, however, having led to no results, and the lady being mysteriously withdrawn from his pursuit, Don Amador sets off in pursuit of his mad relative, bearing to him a command from the Grand Master of their order, instantly to repair to Malta, unless it seem more wise, in the judgment of this mad knight, to remain precisely where he is. After some detention by Don Panfile Narvaëz, the lieutenant of Velasquez, viceroy of Cuba, at that time in arms against Cortes, whom the local authorities have chosen to term a rebel, Don Amador joins his kinsman, under the banners of the conqueror of Mexico, at the moment when the latter is meditating the destruction of Narvaëz. A conflict ensues-Cortez is victorious; and enlisting the army of the conquered lieutenant, marches with the united host against Mexico, which, during his absence, has revolted from the Spanish yoke. In the meantime, De Leste follows with Calavar in the train of the invader, having taken under his protection a Wali, or Christian Moor, with his son Jacinto, who had been brought as slaves to Mexico. On their arrival in the capital, Cortez insulting and imprisoning Montezuma, the Spaniards are beleaguered in the palace; the old Moor joins the Mexicans; battle after battle is fought, the Spaniards always losing ground; Jacinto flies to his father; De Leste is overpowered in a conflict with the Mexicans, and his countrymen have lost all hope of his safety; but he is preserved by the Moor, although retained as a prisoner. After another fierce midnight battle, the attendant of the Moor returns home, mortally wounded, with the news that his master is a captive in the hands of the Spaniards. Jacinto and De Leste escape, in the disguise of Mexicans, and reach the Spanish quarters in time to witness the death of Montezuma, and to share the disastrous retreat of the invaders. During the nocturnal rout and flight, De Leste loses Jacinto, and returning to the spot where he had seen him last, discovers a ruby cross, which at once points out the pretended boy as being the lost lady of his heart. In a subsequent battle with the Moors, Calavar, who has been lost for a while, returns to the field, and slaying the Moor, who has also escaped from the Spaniards, discovers that his guilt is only imaginary, this

being the very Moor of whose death he had fancied himself the agent long years before. Jacinto is also found again, and marries Don Amador, who incontinently goes back to Spain, leaving Don Hernan to conquer Mexico as best he can.

It will be evident, from this brief sketch, that the plot is very inartificial and defective. It is true, the reader susp ects Jacinto to be the lady-love of De Leste, long before the dénouement : but he feels no interest about a person of whom he knows little, and with whom the passing events appear to have no connection. Another female, Minnapotzin, or Dona Benita -for she has been baptized by the Spaniards-the daughter of Montezuma, is mentioned as the mistress of a very gallant knight, de Morla, but she is merely a mute, never introduced upon the stage of narration till she is brought in to be killed during the night-retreat. By this injudicious treatment of his subject, Dr. Bird has reduced himself to the state of a boxer, who should eliberately tie up his right arm before entering the prize-ring. He has left his novel without hero or heroine-without any interest, either amatory or political-without any progressive plot, and consequently without any claim on the attention of his reader, but such as may be created by the force of his language, and the gorgeousness of his descriptions. Again, the character of Cortez is neither one thing nor the other-neither a cruel tyrant nor a chivalrous hero—we neither hate nor sympathize; we cannot enlist ourselves on the side of the invaders, for our feelings are instinctively arrayed against them; we cannot fight in our minds in behalf of the Mexicans, for we are not introduced to them; we merely hear of them as barbarians, and see them fighting, not individually, but by thousands, in the field.

With one half of the materials, talents, and erudition here displayed, with one tythe of the beautifully narrated scenes, glowing descriptions, and exciting incidents, which are scattered in such wild profusion over the pages of this romance, actually bewildering the mind, and dazzling the eye with their luxuriant splendor, how noble a novel might have been created! Had the sex of Jacinto been disclosed earlier, had we been a witness to her moments of private abandonment, had we been taught to look upon her as the faithful mistress of de Leste, we should have felt that interest in her fortunes which is now lost, we should have then been stirred by hope or fear, we should have trembled at her perils, wept at her sorrows, rejoiced at her escapes; and, instead of regarding de Leste as a fantastic fool, we should have granted to him those sympathies without which a hero of romance is nothing. Had we been suffered to become acquainted with the characters of Guatemozin,-why cannot Dr. Bird be contented with the established orthography of Mexican names? he possesses enough of real lore to enable him to despise such paltry expedients as singularity of spelling-and his brother chieftains; had we witnessed their silent indignation; had we been present at their counsels, and listened to their fiery eloquence; we should not then have wanted personages in whom to feel an interest,-we should not have been constrained to pronounce Calavar-not in itself a novel, but a combination of materials for a most noble one. At present, it is, as a concert without its choicest instrument,—as a human being, strong of limb and fair of form, but without a soul! as a government without a ruler, a temple without an altar, a religion without a God!—it is; in fact, a romance utterly void of plot or interest.

On reviewing what we have already written, we observe, with regret, that the tone of our remarks for the most part bear the character of reprehension, and that our readers cannot regard them otherwise than as condemnatory of the novel; and we, in truth, regret this the more, as we feel that we cannot, in justice to ourselves or to the literary world, retrench anything of their severity. We do not, however, by any means wish to condemn in toto a work abounding, as we have said before, in gems of the richest price, and betokening the mind of its creator to be a vein of the most glowing and sterling materials, which have not, however we may grieve to say it, been wrought to that elaborate excellence they might so easily have been caused to display.

Calavar is but another proof of the inadequacy of beauty, vigor, taste, poetry, nay genius itself, to form perfection without the aid of harmony and order. Whether in the epic or the drama, the history or the romance, all other elements of excellence may be lavished; eloquence may glow in every line, pathos, the most natural and profound, draw tears from every eye; but the eloquence will pall in its most rounded periods, the pathos will cease to sustain the feelings it has awakened, if the key-stone of the arch, the well-adjusted plot, the clear arrangement of the characters, the lucidus ordo of old Horace, be forgotten.

The first great secret of romantic composition is to form your plot, to know what you are going to write about, before you begin to write; your work of fiction should be a staircase, ascending by slow and regular degrees, the introduction of your hero the flat of the base, your catastrophe the summit. To this summit every step must lead, to this catastrophe every event must be subservient. As a general rule, although this may sometimes be infringed,-by the great novelists, however, it is so rarely,no characters should be introduced whose actions are not to conduce to the general result, and no actions of the persons on the stage should be narrated, which neither further the catastrophe, nor assist in forming that conception of the actor's identity which is usually denominated character. Now, unless we conceive the union of Leila or Jacinto to Don Amador de Leste to have been the grand ultimatum of Dr. Bird's romance, we are at a loss to discover that it has any end at all; and if the loves of these two worthy but highly uninteresting individuals, be the mainspring of the machine, the mechanic has greatly erred in bestowing so little labor upon the most important parts of his work, as to suffer other and minor portions to acquire an undue influence.

That period in the history of every nation, which has been found most suitable to the writer of romance, is the time of invasion; either during the progress of actual conquest, or of the slow and forcible union of the vanquished and victorious populations. The former of these periods has been chosen by Dr. Bird in Calavar, the latter by the author of the noblest romance of modern, perhaps of any, times, the unrivalled Ivanhoe. Not-

withstanding this slight discrepancy, there is, nevertheless, sufficient analogy between the events related in the two works, to permit us to drawa slight comparison between the method adopted by the two writers. We are not, it is true, in general, fond of comparative criticism; as it too often leads to false criticism, and betokens a want of power in the mind to form its own standard whereby to judge of excellence. There are, however, cases in which it may be serviceable, and this, we fancy, is one. We have two authors who have treated two similar subjects, with powers and talents not very dissimilar in their nature, though unequal in degree, but with the most opposite results. By investigating the mode adopted by the successful, it is not improbable that we may discover the cause of failure by the unsuccessful author. Ivanhoe contains a love story, its thread mingling with the events consequent on the forcible seizure of the lands, rights, and country of a brave but rude and barbarous people, by a race of men not very different from the conquerors of Mexico. The author of Ivanhoe, perceiving at once the impossibility of casting a halo of romantic interest around the blood-stained forms of the robber-Normans, has chosen to excite our sympathies for the conquered Saxons, and, although deprived of the advantage of a catastrophe favorable to his chosen people, he has, by a skilful management of his materials with regard to the peculiar Saxons to whom his tale relates, left to us an agreable idea of their success. Dr. Bird, on the contrary, has chosen as his heroes the companions of Cortez, men whose crimes and cruelties, even through the sober glass of history, we can hardly survey with tolerance, or pardon as being crimes rather of the age than of the individuals; he has chosen a portion of the history of the Mexican conquest, which leaves these heroes in the unenviable condition of "desolators desolate, and victors overthrown." Now, had he thought proper to adopt the opposite course,-had he awakened our sympathies in behalf of the sufferings, had he stirred up our indignation, our hopes, our wishes, in behalf of the gallant patriotism, of these noble barbarians, he would have placed himself in the same situation with Sir Walter, having this advantage over that great master, that he could, with perfect historical propriety, have left the party whom he had adopted, conquerors of the dearest rights of men, victors for their homes and hearths, freemen winners in the strife of freedom. How easy it would have been for a man of Dr. Bird's powers to have done this, must be manifest to every reader who sees how much he has effected under disadvantages which are not the less appalling that they are self-created. How much it is to be regretted that he has not done so, every one must perceive who can discover the disparity between Calavar and Ivanhoe; a disparity, not only infinitely greater than it need have been, but infinitely greater, we speak with full deliberation, infinitely greater than the natural disparity between the genius of Dr. Bird and of Sir Walter Scott.

In point of character, Scott is undoubtedly superior to any author the world has produced since Shakspeare; in point of plot, he is perhaps superior to any author the world has ever produced; in point of description, splendidly graphic as are his living scenes, we think he is nearly equalled by the author of Calavar. There are a score of pictures which we might

specify in proof of our assertion; almost as many are there, which we would gladly extract, were we not prevented from doing so by the necessity of keeping our article within limits—moreover, we have not at present quite the option of selecting such passages as we should otherwise have chosen, in consequence of the copious extracts, which have been made in the columns of the weekly press.

The most striking passages are undoubtedly those in which conflicts between the Mexicans and the Spaniards are described, with a spirit and vividness of detail inferior only to the tournament and storming of Torquilstone, in the romance to which we have so often referred; but we have preferred, for several reasons to take a passage of stiller life—the introduction of Don Amador to Narväez. Our reasons for this are, firstly, that the finest description in the whole work, the midnight retreat of the invading army from the city, occupies no less than five entire chapters, and is of course too long to be extracted without mutilation; and secondly, that the other battle, in the great square of the temple, was given to the public some weeks ago in the pages of a valuable fellow-periodical of this city. Without further comment we proceed to lay before our readers the scene to which we have already alluded.

While he still talked with the Morisco, Don Amador was able to cast his eyes about him, and to perceive on either side a great number of low houses of wickered cane, which seemed to him more to resemble gigantic baskets than the habitations of men; but which, even in these latter days, are found sufficient to protect the humble aborigines from the vicissitudes of that benignant clime. Each stood by itself in an enclosure of shrubs and flowers, and where it happened that the inmates were within, with torches or fires burning, the blaze, streaming through the wattled walls, illuminated every thing around, and disclosed the figures of the habitants moving about like shadows in the flame. Other buildings, equally humble in size, were constructed of less remarkable but not less romantic materials; and where the moonbeams fell over their earthen walls and palmy roofs, both were often concealed by such a drapery of vines and creeping flowers, perhaps the odoriferous vanilla and the beautiful convolvulus, as might have satisfied the longings of a wood-nymph. As he approached nearer to the town, these lowly and lovely cottages were exchanged for fabrics of stone, many of them of considerable size, and several with walls covered with the bright and silvery plaster which ornamented the temples. Each of these, the dwellings of the Tlatoani, or, as the Spaniards called them, in the language of Santo Domingo, the Caciques of the city,—stood alone in its garden of flowers, with vines trailing, and palm-trees bending over its roof, commonly in darkness, though sometimes the myrtle-taper of a fair Totonac, (for such was the name of this provincial people of the coast,) or the oily cresset of a Spanish captain, who had made his quarters wherever was a house to his fancy, might be seen gleaming from behind the curtains of cotton stuff, which were hung at the doors and windows. These sights had been seen by Amador, while yet engaged in conversation with Abdalla; but when the Morisco dropped sorrowfully away, he found himself in the great square of the city, immediately fronting the sanctuaries, and gazing on a scene of peculiarly wild and novel character. The centre of the square was occupied by a broad, and indeed a vast platform of earth, raised to a height of eight or ten feet, ascended from all sides by half as many steps, having the appearance of a low truncated pyramid, serving as a base to the three towers which crowned it. Upon its summit or terrace, immediately in advance of the towers, was kindled a great fire, the blaze of which, besides illuminating the temple itself and all the buildings which surrounded the square, fell upon sundry groups of Indian tumblers, engaged in feats of activity, as well as upon a host of cavaliers who surveyed them close at hand, and many throngs of common soldiers and natives who looked on at a distance from the square.

Here the detachment was halted; the burthens of the Tlamémé were deposited on the earth; the horses were freed from their packs; and Amador, at the sugges-

tion of Salvatierra, dismounted, and leaving Fogoso to the care of his attendants, and these again to the disposition of the captain, ascended the pyramid, followed by the secretary. He was somewhat surprised, when this worthy commander, whom he looked for to conduct him to the general, resuming much of the stately dignity he had found it convenient to support on the march, made him a low bow, and informed him with much gravity he would find the commander-in-chief either on the terrace among his officers, or at his head-quarters in the middle tower. The feeling of indignation which for a moment beset him, would have been expressed, had not Salvatierra with another bow retired, and had he not perceived, at the same moment, the young Fabueno draw from his girdle the letter which was doubtless to secure him the good-will of Narväez. Checking therefore his anger, he straightway ascended the platform. Arrived at its summit, he now beheld the scene which he had imperfectly witnessed from below. The great fire, crackling and roaring, added the ruddy glare of a volcano to the pallid illumination of the moon; and in the combined light, the operations of the gymnasts and dancers, the athletes and jugglers, were as visible as if performed in the glitter of noon-day. For a moment Amador thought, as had been thought by all other Spaniards, when looking for the first time on the sports of these barbarous races, that he had got among a group of devils, or at least of devilish magicians; and he crossed himself with an instinctive horror, when he beheld, so to speak, three piles of men, each composed of three individuals, half-naked, standing one upon the head or shoulders of another, whirling about in a circle, and each, as he whirled, dancing on the head or shoulders of his supporter, and tossing abroad his penacho, or long plume of feathers, as if diverting himself on the solid earth. This spectacle entirely distracted his attention from others scarcely less worthy of observation, -as was indeed that, where two men seesawed on a pole, in the air, and, as might be said, without support, except that which was occasionally rendered by the feet of a sinewy pagan, who lay on his back, and ever and anon, as the flying phantoms descended, spurned them again into the air. Such also was that magical dance of the cords, brought from the unknown tribes of the South, wherein a score of men each holding to a rope of some brilliant color, and each decorated with the feathers of the parrot and the flamingo, whirled in fleet gyrations round a garlanded post, till their cords were twisted together in a net of incomprehensible complexity, but which before the observer had leisure to digest his amazement, were again unravelled in the rapid and mysterious evolutions of the dance. A thousand other such exhibitions, similar in novelty but different in character, were displayed at the same moment; but the eyes of the neophyte were lost to all but that which had first astonished him; and it was not till the voice of the secretary roused him from his bewitchment, that he collected his senses, and observed an officer of the household of the general standing before him, and doing him such reverence as was evidently the right of his dignity. It was then that Don Amador looked from the dancers to the cavaliers whom they were The fire flashed over the walls of the square and lofty towers up to the shelving thatch of palm-leaves, under which they were grouped, making, with the glitter of their half-armed persons, a suitable addition to the romance of the scene. In the centre of that group which lounged before the middle and loftiest tower, in a chair, or indeed, as it might be called, a throne, of such barbaric beauty as was known only to the magnificos of this singular people, sat a cavalier, tall and somewhat majestic of stature, with a ruddy beard, and yellow locks falling over an agreeable countenance; in whom, not so much from the character of his deportment and the quality of his decorations, as from the evident homage rendered him by the officers around, Don Amador did not doubt he beheld the Biscayan general. At the very moment when his eyes fell upon this smiling dignitary, he was himself perceived by the general; and Narväez started up with a sort of confusion, as if ashamed to be discovered in such trivial enjoyment by so gallant a cavalier. In fact, the glittering casque of steel had supplanted the velvet cap on the head of the novice; and as he approached in full armor, clad also in the dignity with which he was wont to approach his fellows in rank, Don Amador presented a figure, to say the least, equally noble with that of the commander, - and, what was no slight advantage in those days, with the additional manifestation of high blood, such as was certainly less questionable in him than in Narvaez. It seemed for a moment, as if the general would have retreated into the temple, doubtless with the view of assuming a more stately character for the interview; but perceiving that Don Amador had already recognised him, and was advancing, he changed his purpose, and making a step forward to do honor to his visiter, he stood still to receive him. The eyes of all those gallant adventurers were turned from the dancers to the newcomer; but Don Amador, not much moved by such a circumstance, as indifferent to their curiosity as their admiration, approached with a stately gravity, and making

a courteous reverence to the general, said,-

"I have no doubt it is my felicity at this present moment to offer my devoirs to the noble and very respected senor, the general Don Panfilo de Narväez; on the presumption of which, I, Amador de Leste, of Cuenza, a novice of the holy hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, do not hesitate to claim the hospitalities, which, as an hidalgo of Spain, and kinsman of the noble senor, the admiral Cavallero, your excellency's confederate, I hold myself entitled to expect."

"The very noble and valiant senor Don Amador de Leste shall not claim those hospitalities in vain," said the general, with a voice whose natural and voluminous harshness did not conceal an attempt at amity; "and I hope he will not anticipate in them too little of the roughness of a soldier, by reason that he has seen us unbending a little from the toils of war to the foolish diversions of these ingenious bar-

harians "

"I will not take upon me to judge either of the tactics or the recreations of your excellency," said Amador, very coolly. "I will only demand of your favor to accept, at this present moment, such protestations of respect as become me in my function of suitor; and, in especial, to credit my companion, the secretary Fabueno, the messenger of the admiral, who is charged with certain letters to your excellency, of which, I believe, I am myself, in part, the subject."

"I receive them with respect, and I welcome the very distinguished Don Amador with much joy," said Narvaez; "in token of which I must beg him to allow himself to be considered, at least as long as he honors my command with his presence, as my own peculiar guest: and that I may the sooner know in what it may be my happiness to do him service, I must entreat him to enter with me into my poor

quarters."

With such superb expressions of etiquette, the common compliments of an overchivalrous age and people, Don Amador was ushered into the interior of the temple. A curtain of a certain strong and checkered matting, that served the purpose of a door, was pushed aside, and, entering with the general and two or three of his most favored officers, he found himself in the heathen sanctuary. A table covered with brilliant drapery of cotton-a product of the country-and strewed over with pieces of armor, as well as with divers vessels wherein glowed some of the rich wines ripened by the breath of the Solano, contained also a great silver cresset filled with oil tempered with liquid amber, which, besides pervading the whole atmosphere with a delicious odor, shed abroad such a light as enabled Don Amador to survey the apartment. It was of good height, and spacious: the walls were hung with arras of a sombre-hued cotton, and the floor covered with thick matting. In one corner was a ladder, leading to the upper chambers. Two sides of it were occupied by a low platform, on which lay several mattresses stuffed with the down of the ceiba; over one of which, on a small altar of wood, illuminated by tapers of the myrtle wax, was a little image of the Virgin. In this chamber, the chief adoratory of the temple, where now flashed the weapons of the iconoclasts, stood once the altar of an idol, whose fiendish lips had been often died with the blood of human sacrifices. There were rude chairs about the table; and Amador, at the invitation of the general, did not hesitate to seat himself, and cast an eye of observation on his companions, while Narväez, with the assistance of the secretary, proceeded to decipher the advices of the admiral.

Hardly pressed as we are for space, we cannot resist from making room for the capture of Don Amador, by the Moor Abdallah. This is, perhaps, the only battle which tends directly to the fate of Don Amador and Jacinto, inasmuch as it leads to the imprisonment of the Knight in the dwelling of the Moor, and to his partial discovery of the sex and identity of the pretended page.—No description can be superior to this, in strength or fire; and, had the groundwork been woven with skill equal to that which has been displayed in the ornaments, Calavar would have been a most splendid novel. One word before we quit the subject, how can a man of Dr. Bird's antiquarian knowledge make so gross a blunder, as to use the words sabre

and scimitar, as descriptive of the *espada* or straight, double-edged, sharp-pointed, sword, which was the destinctive weapon of the Christian knight-hood, and constantly set in opposition to the curved blade of the Saracen infidel? The error might have escaped notice, had not the general correctness made the slightest mistake at once obnoxious to censure.

"Do you hear! Ho! to your lances, and back upon the wolves that are behind us!" cried the trumpet-voice of Don Hernan. The neophyte turned, and clapping spurs to Fogoso, charged, with the cavaliers, upon those squadrons which had pursued them;—but, like his companions, he checked his horse with surprise, and no little consternation, when he beheld in what manner the infidels were prepared to receive them. The street was packed with their bodies, as far as the eye could see; and darts and swords of obsidian were seen flashing above the heads of the most distant multitude; but he perceived that those combatants who stood in front, stretching from wall to wall, were armed with long spears, mostly, indeed, with wooden points, sharpened, and fire-hardened, though some few were seen with copper blades, full a yard in length, which they handled with singular and menacing address. Thus, no sooner did the cavaliers approach them, than those of the first rank, dropping, like trained soldiers, to their knees, planted the butts of their weapons on the ground, while those held by others behind, were thrust over the kneelers and presented, together, such a wall of bristling spines, as caused the bravest to hesitate.

"Have we Ottomies of the hills here!" cried Don Hernan, aghast. "Or are these weapons, and this mode of using them, the teaching of the traitor Moor?"

A loud shout, mingled with laughs of fierce derision, testified the triumph of the barbarians; and Cortez, stung with fury, though hesitating to attack, called for his musketeers, to break the line of opponents.

"Our musketeers are in heaven! carried up in the fiend of a burro!" cried Alvarado, waving his sword, and eyeing the vaunting herd. "Before the days of saltpetre, true men were wont to shoot their foes without it.—All that is to be done, is to conceive we are hunting foxes, and leaping over a farmer's wall. Soho! Saladin, mouse! And all that are brave gentlemen, follow me! Hah!"—

As he concluded, the madcap soldier spurred his steed Saladin, and, uttering a war-cry, dashed fearlessly on the spearmen. Before he had yet parted from his companions, Don Amador de Leste, fired, in spite of his melancholy, by the boldness of the exploit, and unwilling to be outdone by a cavalier of the islands, brushed up to his side, and spurring Fogoso at the same moment, the two hidalgos straightway vaulted among the barbarians.

The show of resolution maintained by the exulting spearmen, while the Christians stood yet at a distance, vanished when they beheld those animals, which they always regarded with a superstitious awe, rushing upon them with eyes of fury, and feet of thunder. To this faltering, perhaps, it was owing, that the two Dons were not instantly slain; for, though the heavy armor that guarded the chests and loins of the steeds, could repel the thrust of a wooden spear as well as the corslets of their riders, no such protection sheathed their bellies; and had they been there pierced, their masters must instantly have perished. As it was, however, the front rank recoiled, and when it closed again, the cavaliers were seen wielding their swords, (for in such a mêlée their spears were useless,) and striking valiantly about them, but entirely surrounded.

"Shall we be thus shamed, my masters?" cried Don Hernan, sharply. "Methinks there are two more such cavaliers in this company? Santiago, and at them!"

Thus saying, and, with a word, inflaming their pride, he leaped against the foe, followed by all the horsemen.

The two leaders in this desperate assault had vanished,—swallowed up, as it were, in the vortex of contention; and it was not until his friends heard the voice of Alvarado exclaiming, wildly, as if in extremity, "Help me, De Leste, true friend! for I am unhorsed! Help me, or the hell-hounds will have me to the temple!"—that they were convinced the young men were living.

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"Be of good heart!" cried Don Amador, (for he was at his side,) drawing his sabre, with a dexterous sleight, over the sinewy arms that clutched his companion, and releasing, without doing him barm. "If thou art disarmed, draw my dagger

from the sheath and use it; and fear not that I will leave thee, till rescued by others."

"Who gets my sword, takes the arm along with it!" cried Alvarado, grasping again his chained weapon, and dealing fierce blows, as he spoke. "I will remember the act-Ho! false friends! forsworn soldiers! condemned Christians! why leave us unsupported?"

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bog of flesh. Return; for, by heaven, I can follow thee no further!"

Come on, as thou art a true man; for I am sore beset, and wounded!" These words, from the lips of the neophyte, came yet through the din of yells; but it seemed to those who listened, that there was feebleness in the voice that uttered

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A wolf-hound, weary and spent with the chase, suddenly surrounded by a pack of the destroyers he has been tracking, and falling under the fangs of his quarry, may figure the condition of Don Amador de Leste, surrounded and seized upon by the enemy. Nothing but the vigor of powerful and fiery-spirited steeds could have carried the two cavaliers so far into a crowd of warriors almost compacted. While the neophyte gave assistance to his friend, a dozen blows of the maquahuitl were rained upon his body; and so closely was he invested immediately after, (when, as Alvarado reined in his steed to await the rest, the two cavaliers were separated,) that he thought no longer of warding off blows; but, giving himself up to smiting, he trusted to the strength of his mail for protection. But the heavy bludgeons bruised where they did not wound; and his armor, being at last broken by the fury of the blows, the sharp glass penetrated to his flesh, and he begun to bleed. cast his eye over his shoulder, for his strength was failing; but the plume of Don Pedro waved at a distance behind, and the shouts of Cortes seemed to come from afar. He turned his horse's head, to retreat; but half a dozen savages, embold-ened by this symptom of defeat, clutched upon the bridle; and the hand raised to smite at them, was seized by as many others. It was at this moment that he called out to his companion, in the words we have recorded; but answer, if answer were made, was drowned in the savage yells of exultation, with which his foes beheld him in their power. He collected all his energies, struggled violently, and striking the rowels deep, and animating Fogoso with his voice, hoped, by one bound, to spring clear of his capturers. The gallant steed vaulted on high, but fell again to the earth, under the weight of the many that clung to him: a dozen new hands were added to those that already throttled the rider.

"Rescue me, if ye be men!" he cried, with a voice that prevailed over the uproar.-The cry was echoed by twenty Christian voices hard by, and a gleam of hope entered his heart. Another furious struggle, another plunge of Fogoso, and he thought that the hands of his enemies were at last unclenching. weapon flashed before his eyes-It was steel, and therefore the falchion of a friend! -It feel upon his helmet with irresistible weight; his brain spun, his eyes darkened, and he fell, or rather was dragged, like a dead man, from his horse. But ere his eyes had yet closed, their last glance was fixed on the visage of the striker; and the sting of benefits forgotten was added to the bitterness of death, when, in this,

he perceived the features of Abdallah, the Moor.

In an instant more, the barbarians parted in terror before the great Teuctli. "Where art thou, De Leste?" he cried. "We are here to rescue thee!"

As he spoke, there sprang, with a fierce bound, from among the Mexicans, the well-known bay, Fogoso, his foamy sides streaked with gore, the stirrups rattling against his armed flanks, the reins flying in the air,—but no rider on the saddle.

"By heaven, false friends! craven gentlemen! you have lost the bravest of your supporters!" cried Don Hernan. "On! for he may yet live: on! for we will

avenge him !"

The band, resolute now in their wrath, plunged fiercely through the mob. They struck down many enemies,-they trampled upon many corses; but, among them, they found not the body of De Leste.

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"Come on, as thou art a true man; for I am sore beset, and wounded!" These words, from the lips of the neophyte, came yet through the din of yells; but it seemed to those who listened, that there was feebleness in the voice that uttered them.

"Onward!" cried Cortes, with a voice of thunder, and urging his dun steed furiously over the trampled barbarians; "the young man shall not perish!"

A wolf-hound, weary and spent with the chase, suddenly surrounded by a pack of the destroyers he has been tracking, and falling under the fangs of his quarry may figure the condition of Don Amador de Leste, surrounded and seized upon by the enemy. Nothing but the vigor of powerful and fiery-spirited steeds could have carried the two cavaliers so far into a crowd of warriors almost compacted. While the neophyte gave assistance to his friend, a dozen blows of the maquahuitl were rained upon his body; and so closely was he invested immediately after, (when, as Alvarado reined in his steed to await the rest, the two cavaliers were separated,) that he thought no longer of warding off blows; but, giving himself up to smiting, he trusted to the strength of his mail for protection. But the heavy bludgeons bruised where they did not wound; and his armor, being at last broken by the fury of the blows, the sharp glass penetrated to his flesh, and he begun to bleed. He cast his eye over his shoulder, for his strength was failing; but the plume of Don Pedro waved at a distance behind, and the shouts of Cortes seemed to come from He turned his horse's head, to retreat; but half a dozen savages, emboldened by this symptom of defeat, clutched upon the bridle; and the hand raised to smite at them, was seized by as many others. It was at this moment that he called out to his companion, in the words we have recorded; but answer, if answer were made, was drowned in the savage yells of exultatiou, with which his foes beheld him in their power. He collected all his energies, struggled violently, and striking the rowels deep, and animating Fogoso with his voice, hoped, by one bound, to spring clear of his capturers. The gallant steed vaulted on high, but fell again to the earth, under the weight of the many that clung to him: a dozen new hands were added to those that already throttled the rider.

"Rescue me, if ye be men!" he cried, with a voice that prevailed over the uproar.—The cry was echoed by twenty Christian voices hard by, and a gleam of hope entered his heart. Another furious struggle, another plunge of Fogoso, and he thought that the hands of his enemies were at last unclenching. A bright weapon flashed before his eyes—It was steel, and therefore the falchion of a friend!—It feel upon his helmet with irresistible weight; his brain spun, his eyes darkened, and he fell, or rather was dragged, like a dead man, from his horse. But ere his eyes had yet closed, their last glance was fixed on the visage of the striker; and the sting of benefits forgotten was added to the bitterness of death, when, in this,

he perceived the features of Abdallah, the Moor.

In an instant more, the barbarians parted in terror before the great Teuctli. "Where art thou, De Leste?" he cried. "We are here to rescue thee!"

As he spoke, there sprang, with a fierce bound, from among the Mexicans, the well-known bay, Fogoso, his foamy sides streaked with gore, the stirrups rattling against his armed flanks, the reins flying in the air.—but no rider on the saddle,

against his armed flanks, the reins flying in the air,—but no rider on the saddle, "By heaven, false friends! craven gentlemen! you have lost the bravest of your supporters!" cried Don Hernan. "On! for he may yet live: on! for we will avenge him!"

The band, resolute now in their wrath, plunged fiercely through the mob. They struck down many enemies,—they trampled upon many corses; but, among them, they found not the body of De Leste.

With this long extract we must now take our leave of Calavar, which we do with increased respect for the talents of the author, and with a settled conviction that it depends only on himself, whether he will rest contented with the imperfect fame he has hitherto atchieved, or rise, by dint of increased exertions, to the station which he might occupy among the loftiest spirits of the day.

FIEL A LA MUERTE. The sentiment is a sweet one, and makes a pretty impression upon a seal. Of its truth I say nothing. It has been often versified and celebrated, and somewhere in the writings of Hammond, styled by a liberal courtesy, the English Tibullus—it is woven into a long poem of feeble sweetness. The following is after the Spanish, and is exceedingly delicate:

Oh! faithful to the grave,—my latest breath
Shall urge the vow I make thee, pure and strong;
I shall be faithful to the hour of death,
But shall not, dearest love, be faithful long.

That happy hour of freedom still I crave,
Since unrequited love I would not bear—
Thou hast no mercy for the kneeling slave,
Thou keep'st the victim, yet thou scorn'st his prayer.

An Irish officer of dragoons, I met with near Brussels in 18—, had a different paraphrase quite from the preceding. He furnished his mistress with the following, which soon gave him the discharge he wanted:

"Faithful to death!"—Ay, ay, with all my heart,
Have I not faithful thus forever been—
Here, Mrs. Jones, be witness on my part:—
But 'tis your death, and not my own, I mean.

MATERIAL OF NATIONAL POWER. Lord Bacon hath the secret of national prosperity in a brief compass. He says,—"there are three things which one nation selleth to another:—the commodity as it is yielded by nature, the manufacture, and the vecture or carriage; so—says he—if the three wheels go, wealth will flow in as a spring tide." We sum the matter briefly in the much used toast of "agriculture, commerce, and manufactures;" a triad honored with the rhyme of another ancient, thus:

"Let the earth have cultivation,
Let its product have creation,
Let the seas give circulation,
And you build the mighty nation."

SCRAPS FROM THE BOOK OF A PHYSIOGNOMIST.

In this article it would be foreign to our purpose to enter into the history of physiognomy, or a review of the causes which, in our day, have made it unpopular. All we intend at present, is merely to give a few scraps from our book. We shall premise that Aristotle—the first philosopher we read of, as Goodsays, who reduced physiognomy to any thing like a scientific pursuit, and fixed it upon permanent and undeniable principles, gives this definition: "It is the science, by which the dispositions of mankind are discovered by the features of the body, and especially those of the countenance."

To a certain extent, we are all physiognomists by nature. Why do we love and hate? why are we kind or cold to a stranger? The features of the face, and their expression, influence us.

Not two men are exactly alike, it is said, in temper and disposition: granted. Are any two men exactly similar in mind and feeling? Had all men the same mental, moral, and physical attributes, they could not be distinguished apart.

Does not the very nature of the boy change in the man? Is not the face very dissimilar to that of the man?

When we are agitated, or even slightly affected, is not each change of passion written on the face? Is not the voice affected by every feeling of the heart? The voices of any two men are not more dissimilar than their physiognomies. The voice is an index, by which we may judge of the individual. There are few persons who cannot distinguish, even in the dark, the voice of man from that of woman—of a white from that of a black.

Many people, who never gave a serious thought to physiognomy, deny its truth, either because it does not please their whim, or because it does not harmonize with their pre-conceived ideas; such are unworthy to weigh against it. Others who have examined the subject superficially rail against it, because they see every day, in their opinion, so many inconsistencies, that their judgment is bewildered, and they become sceptics. To those we answer; it is not that the science is false, but, either you have not mind to observe and comprehend, or not patience to examine and compare; all that seems inconsistency is not so. That there are not two faces alike, and that there seem so many contradictions, prove how deep and difficult is the study, not by any means that physiognomy is false.

Writers disagree as to which feature of the face is the most expressive. Le Brun gives preference to the eyebrows; others to the mouth, many to

the eyes, and some to the nose. Though the eyes may be called the thermometer of the keart, indicating the degree of feeling which agitates or soothes it, yet, in our opinion, the nose, above all other features indicates the man. A good nose never supported a bad forehead. Noses may be divided into four classes—thus:

GRECIAN, denoting amiability of disposition, equanimity of temper, imagination, patience in labor, and resignation in tribulation.

ROMAN, " imperiousness, courage, presence of mind, choler, and nobleness of heart.

CAT or TIGER, " cunning, deceit, revenge, obstinacy, and selfishness.

Pug, " imbecility of mind, and indecision of character.

Of three of these, there are innumerable grades—the Grecian descends to the Pug—the Roman to the Aquiline—but the Cat or Tiger is sui generis.

The Grecian nose is most conspicuous in quiet scenes of life—in the study. The Roman, in spirit-stirring scenes—in war. Men of science often, and of imagination always, have the Grecian nose; daring soldiers and fearless adventurers generally have the Roman.

By a Grecian nose, we do not mean that only which unites, as it were, to the forehead by a straight line—it may be slightly or greatly indented between the eyes—as in that of Homer. The Homeric is, we shall suppose, the true poetic. Look on all great living poets, or turn to the portraits of those who are dead—as of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton—all will be found of that genus. It is said Southey has a Roman nose; if this be so, it is the only exception among, we may say, thousands of portraits in every age and of every clime, that we have examined.

A sceptic may ask if all poets have the Homeric or Grecian nose, are not all persons having it consequently poets? We answer flatly, No: not writing poets. But, all persons having the Grecian, or poetic nose have the poetry of thought and feeling—look on nature with the eye of a poet, and possess that enthusiasm, which none but a poet feels. No sense is perfect of itself alone: the clock may strike, a cannon may be fired close to our ear, and we hear neither; yet the sound of both strikes equally upon the tympanum, as if we did hear. The Homeric nose denotes imagination; to complete the poet another quality is necessary—language, denoted by another feature, which, however, we shall leave unnoticed in this branch of our subject. We conclude this scrap with the following appropriate quotation from Percival—a poet, we are sorry to say, too much neglected:

POETS, who never framed a show of words From out the busy workings of the brain, And who, in solitude and loneliness, Communed with all sublimity, and played With every shape of beauty, and never yet

Put forth one visible sign to tell the world How much they felt and knew."

Every one knows what a Pug is. We need not enter into any particulars of it—nature forms her thousands of them, and we regard them not.

The CAT or TIGER nose. Whoever has the least imagination will readily conceive what we mean by this definition; it is a long, flattish nose, not unlike that of the animals from whom we have borrowed the name. Avoid men with such noses—they are deceitful friends and dangerous enemies, whenever it suits their whim or interest.

As it would be difficult for the reader to understand the subject of fore-heads without drawings, we shall for the present omit any scraps from our book on that subject: this remark, however, we will venture; it is not the dimensions of a brow that marks its quality. Lavater justly says to this effect: a large house may be a very inconvenient one for want of sufficient and proper furniture, while a small one may be very tastefully and neatly arranged. It is a mistaken idea with some, that mind is in the ratio of size.

We have asserted, that, if two people could be found exactly alike in every feature, their voices would be similar in tone. The more like the physiognomy, the more like the voice. Do we not sometimes find twins, who, for years after birth so nearly resemble one another that the parents cannot distinguish them apart, and consequently are obliged to distinguish them by some mark of dress? This evidently shows that their voices are alike, else by the voice alone might they be distinguished. Does it not also prove that in temper and disposition they are similar? Were it not so, would not the parents be able to distinguish them by some mental or moral trait? We know a case in point: -Twins, brothers, naughty little fellows, when three or four years of age resembled each other so exactly, that the parents knew not which was which; both were getting into continual scrapes; and, principally for the purpose of punishing the transgressor, a red ribbon was bound round the arm of one, and a blue round that of the other. The little fellows entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive. If Red Ribbon committed an offence for which he expected punishment, he ran to Blue Ribbon, and exchanged the distinguishing badge. Information being lodged with the parents, Red Ribbon stoutly denied the charge, and proved an alibi. We need not pursue this subject in detail; enough to say in conclusion, the twins, by this stratagem, escaped many a well-merited castigation; and many a servant lost his place, for bearing false witness against the innocent child. In later years, they revolved in different orbits: Red Ribbon became a soldier, and Blue, a merchant. The first, after enduring the fatigue and danger of many a hard campaign, returned with his regiment, unchanged, save that his face, by exposure to a strange climate, had become of a very dark hue. The mad pranks of the boys were not quite forgotten in the men. One day it was agreed between them, that Blue Ribbon should assume the soldier's garb and enter the mess-room, while Red Ribbon, in citizen's dress, should remain within ear-shot, to enjoy the sport. Blue Ribbon took his seat at the table,-all VOL. IV. 24

eyes were instantly fixed on him. "Captain," asked one, "what's the matter?" "Are you sick?" inquired a second. "How pale you look!" exclaimed a third. Blue Ribbon assured his messmates that he never was better in all his life, and would prove it to them by the keenness of his appetite. After a time, however, being more accustomed to times of peace than scenes of war, he was often at fault in conversation, till at last some of the slang du corps, which he could not understand, set his associates a staring, when, at the critical moment, in comes Red Ribbon, the real Captain, laughing, and explained the joke to the whole table. Here were twins, who, neither in youth nor manhood, could be distinguished apart by features, voice, or manner.

The ears are always placed parallel with the forehead. Few natural physiognomists, perhaps, have ever paid much attention to the ears, yet they are features in which we read much of the character: they are as various in form as any other feature. By analogy, we every day learn lessons in physiognomy. Look at the trumpet ear of the hare, which shows timidity. Look at that noble animal, the horse; by his ears every skillful rider knows whether he be bold or timid—not so much, perhaps, by their shape, as by the manner he carries them. The bold spirited blood horse puts his ear forward to catch the sounds approaching, and feels eager to confront whatever danger threatens. The common dray throws his upon his neck, listening for every sound of danger approaching from behind, always prepared to run from it. We will not, at present, make extracts from our chapter on ears, but let our readers reason from analogy, and they will find much character in the ears.

It may be remarked as a very general rule that, if one form of feature denotes a certain quality of mind or disposition, the reverse denotes an opposite quality. A proud man holds his head erect, an humble bends his down: an impudent man stares full in his neighbor's face, a bashful droops his eyes. A Roman nose shows nobleness and valor; a cat or tiger, craftiness and deceitfulness.

In the mouth, the animal passions are nearly all displayed. A firm and well-set upper lip, and, measured from the base of the nose, not long, denotes resolution and decision; a lagre, thick, and upturned one, indecision and irresolution. When the upper lip, in its centre, falls, as it were, like a drop into the under, we generally find the person patient and resigned under any situation. An under lip, well rounded, yet firm, denotes mirth, gaiety, and fondness for society: an out-turned one, a callous heart, a misanthropic feeling. A small under lip, that rests. as it were, sweetly beneath the upper, shows constancy in love, and firmness in friendship. On the contrary, a large under lip, that protrudes from the upper, denotes selfishness, and we have found it in men incapable of noble or generous feelings: men with such a lip, however, will profess much, but perform little. Small lips, so small that, when the mouth is closed, there seems

no lip at all, are found in misers; in such there is much caution and circumspection and distrust.

The lips of some men are so very indistinctly traced, that, were it not for the change of color we could scarcely tell where either commenced; such people are sluggish in action, and undecided in character: but when we meet a firm, boldly-defined lip, as if a barrier were placed to guard the mouth from the upper parts of the face, there we find decision and mettle. Lips which, when the mouth is closed, present an undulating outline, are found in men of noble and generous minds—men of imagination often have them; such lips are generally upturned on each side, and denote an open, communicative mind. Thin lips, when the mouth is closed, almost always present a straight outline, with a slight inclination downward at either end, as if the lip looked at the chin, these universally accompany a taciturn disposition.

It would be almost impossible clearly to explain the various shapes of the lips, even with drawings, much more so without them—these few disjointed scraps, must suffice for the present.

Cross tells us, that those animals most famed for their cunning, as the fox, wolf, &c., have tapering jaws, and when contrasted with the cheek bone, are very narrow; and vice versa, with animals, gentle, kind, open, and unsuspecting. "Animals," he says again, "that are wise enough to keep from danger, or strong enough to defend themselves when attacked, have no cunning."

It will be observed, that in all animals the brain is in an inverse ratio to the jaws; in other words, the jaws of all animals are large, in proportion as their brains are small—the greyhound, for instance, runs by the eye alone.

Le Brun says that the eyebrows are the most expressive of the features. This we deny. Arched eyebrows do not denote deep thinking minds—they are oftener found in men than women: there is more fancy than thought in them—the Chinese have generally arched eyebrows. Short eyebrows, that is, having not much longitude, with the hairs growing irregularly, betoken an impatient, irracible temper. Straight eyebrows, sometimes gently inclining upwards at the base of the nose, are oftenest found in thoughtful men. Philosophers have generally straight eyebrows, and not bushy. Light eyebrows and dark hair, we never find in an honest, honorable man.

The eye is unquestionably the most expressive feature; it is the moral and mental thermometer. Its great variety of color—the countless changes which it undergoes—the various positions in which it is placed—describing a straight line, or inclining upwards or downwards. The space appropriated to this article will not enable us even to glance at the eye physiognominally, and with these brief remarks we leave it for the present.

Not to examine pictures or busts, and describe the particular traits of character in the illustrious or ignoble dead—physiognomy should be devoted to a nobler end; it should and will teach those skilled in its rules to shun

folly and vice, and cling to wisdom and virtue. Like metaphysics, physiognomy is not one of the exact sciences, and we believe will never be reduced to mathematical precision; it must rank among the inexact, and so long men will affect wisdom enough to contest its laws and deny its principles, perhaps, because their faces scanned by its rules would not confirm their outward seeming—or perhaps that to decry it is fashionable. But these will not avail with the searchers after truth. A science, inexact, though it may appear to many, may not in reality be so. Every face is as it were, a page in the great book of nature, and the life of man is not sufficiently long to read even a millionth part of the volume. Old Theophrastus, at the age of one hundred and eight, regretted the shortness of life, "for," said he, "I have lived just long enough to see the path to knowledge, and as it opens to my view, I must sink into the grave." He was a physiognomist.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT IN CAROLINA.

With what a quiet glory sinks the day
Into his ocean chamber; while the sky,
Unmix'd by wild complaint, though clad in gray,
Is touched with many a hue, that spreads on high,
'Till met, and in their loveliness outdone,
By the trim vestal queen, soaring aloft,
Blending with her's their violet hues, whilst one
Rich robe of fretted silver, gorgeous but soft,—
How silent, yet how beautiful—now winds
O'er earth and the blue arches; till they glow
Like a transparent sea, that seldom finds
The southern hurricane too rudely blow—
But where the sun sets even in a smile,
The moon quick stealing on his steps the while.

THE PHANTOM HAND.

BY ROLEY M'PHERSON.

"Her should Angelo have married, was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed, between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother was wrecked."

Shakspeare.

"I did not for these ghastly visions send, Their sudden coming does some ill portend."

DRYDEN.

"Kill men i' the dark! Where be these bloody thieves?
Ho! murder! murder!"—

SHAKSPEARE.

THERE is truth in these pages, strange and hideous as it may appear; and, should it meet the eyes of some now living, they will start at its resemblance to a dark deed, which, some twenty years by gone, drove them from their own country to find a refuge in a land which, they hoped, their shame would never reach.

In the county of Tyrone in Ireland, a little to the side of the high-road leading to Donahady, there stands, almost hidden by the shrubbery, the ruins of a cottage. The doors grate on their rusty hinges when the wind blows upon them,—green moss covers the roof,—the sides have fallen in with the decay of years,—the path which once led to its happy entrance is choked up by dank weeds, and there is the blight of desolation upon the spot, as if the avenging arm of Heaven had laid a curse upon its very atmosphere. It is a bold heart that will approach this blasted ruin after nightfall. None but bats and owls flit through its deserted avenues; and the traveller, if he be a good Christian, crosses himself as he passes its blanched walls. A dark wood looms up behind these ruins; and within its shades there is a grave stone, from which the bold querist, whose anxious curiosity might lead him to its examination, would learn nothing but that it marked the resting place of the dead. The fingers of decay began their slow tracings upon the cottage when that grave was opened.

It was a clear bright moon that shone upon the path of two happy creatures, as they walked up the avenues leading to Selwin Cottage, now smiling in the moonbeams; around their path green shrubs glowed in all the fresh luxuriance of spring, and the verdant floor that carpeted their way, was glittering with new fallen dew drops. The female figure of this pair was a delicate, graceful, person, just merging into womanhood; clusters

of dark hair floated unconfined upon her shoulders, and, as she turned her half blushing face towards her partner, the moonlight fell upon a countenance beaming with intelligence and love. It was a face peculiarly expressive of womanly tenderness; there was a fond depending softness in its look, which seemed to argue a love that confidently reposed upon a full exchange of the same emotion from the being upon whose arm she leaned. His figure was tall and manly, there was all the buoyancy of hope and youth in his step; and, as he gazed upon the fair creature at his side, there was a curl of lofty pride upon his lip as he gloried in, while he fully returned, the confidence of the bright spirit beside him.

"Then you are resolved, dear Alice, that your brother's opposition shall

be no bar to our happiness?"

"Indeed it shall not. His objections will, I hope, cease to-morrow, when I, dear Fitz, shall have informed him of your uncle's bounty."

"Forgive my doubts-but I fear his pertinacious obstinacy-let me call it by its right name-surely I have enough of this world's goods for all our need-my family, he knows, are his equals; but his favoritism for O'Neil may induce you"-

"Speak not of him. The wretch who sought to win my love by basely slandering his friend, may seek a heart more congenial to his own than

mine can ever be. Come in, Fitz."

They entered the cottage, and were met with a warm welcome by the mother of Alice, who, seated by the fire-light, seemed roused by their entrance from sorrowful meditation; her eyes were red with weeping, and a falling tear was hastily wiped away from her withered cheek. The half lighted apartment did not discover to the new comers the figure of another individual, who, as they entered one door, glided slowly out at the other. As the fire flashed upon the countenance of this person, it lighted up the countenance of a man writhing in scorn and indignation, and mingling with demoniac expressions of anger, a look of such savage threatening, that, had Fitzgerald caught it, his heart, bold as it was, would have quailed within him.

"Pray where is Michael, mother?" inquired the gentle Alice, as she drew her chair close to her parent's side.

"He was here but now. Alas, my daughter! and you, good master Fitzgerald! I do fear much your nuptials will be far from happy."

"Does my brother still persist?"

" Alack! Alack !"

"What ails you, mother !- Speak, I pray you-has Michael dared to threaten, because you have favored our wishes?"

"Not me-not me. He has been a wayward boy-wilful, it is true, and stubborn, from his earliest years; since the lawsuit for the recovery of our estates has gone against him, he has been more proud, more fierce, than ever; but yet, I hope, he is not so far lost to all sense of filial duty, as to threaten me-No, no, it is not me!"

"Who then, good mother, is it me?"

"Yes, Fitzgerald, 'tis you and yours; even now, as you entered, the profane boy swore in my presence by the holy Mary-may God forgive him—no priest of mortal mould should say amen to the sacrament that made you one; and too well know I his stubborn spirit, to doubt but he will keep his oath."

"Were he other than he is, the brother of my Alice, this threat would never move me—his opposition reason cannot sway. If I cannot pride myself upon a lineage as honorable as O'Neil's, I can at least boast a heart as noble, and a name as unsullied. But we will foil him yet. Let us hasten these nuptials—say to-morrow night—Father O'Reilly will await us, at nine, in the chapel—Michael, you know, will be at the meeting at Abercorn—and, for the reconciliation, leave that to me.—These will prove but empty vaporings after all—besides, Alice will inform him of my uncle's death, and the increase of my fortune; if this fail to move him, then let the bond, I say, be sealed to-morrow night, and leave the rest to me—what say you, mother? Alice will you forgive this haste?"

"Be it so, my children; and may the good saints give you happiness!"
As Fitzgerald imprinted a farewell kiss upon the hand of Alice, a half hidden blush told him how far this sudden haste was accordant with her wishes.

It was a wild moor-a dreary waste-and the black clouds looked down upon it in scowls, which only seemed more sullen, as the moon, in fitful glances, shot her beams through their changing apertures. A high road lay along one side of this common, and a deep wood, black with age, and scathed in many places by the lightning, bounded it to the east. Far removed from the habitations of men, and secured from observation by the deep shades of that dismal forest, it was just the spot which a highwayman would have fixed upon, if about to choose a safe and convenient lurking place. It seemed laid out by the evil one as a fit practising ground for the dark and desperate deeds of his children. As the moon occasionally gleamed through the thick clouds, it fell upon the figures of three men, who were standing in close and earnest conversation, upon the borders of the wood. The tallest of the three wore a dark shaggy coat, the collar of which almost covered his eyes, and served as a sort of mask to the lower part of his countenance: this person had an air of command, and appeared to be the leader of the party. There was a dark expression of rage that shot lowering and impatiently from his eyes, as they occasionally surveyed the waste before them, or cast wistful glances at the solitary road.

"Not coming yet—by the Holy Mother—his heart fails him, and the craven lingers from his bonnie love."

"It's a bad night, your honor, and may be he dont care to risk his toilet in the mush of the moor, and the sky looking as black as Fingal's Mouth; but its myself'll be saving him the charges of clane linen after this night, any how."

"Whist, Handy," cried the third, "save your powder 'till you put up the

"Faith, Mr. O'Neil, saving your prisince, you'll find I have a charge of

that same id kill a covey—and its a bit of a score of my own, that wants settling, foreanent the squire's red guineas, that 'll be straightening my arm that shot, belyve."

"No more words, Handy Boone," said the leader; "lay along out upon yon broken hedge, the path from the road cuts through it, near that stinted beech—as he crosses the hedge, fire; and harkee, Handy—be sure of your aim, or your brains shall line that hedge for crows to peck at. No trembling, knave!—Away!"

"Trembling! a ha!—Thrue for you, my master, if Handy Boone trembles again, it 'll be at the shake of the hangman's fist—when he settles this night's job—an that's a shake you'll see he dont mind to earn."

With these words, the miscreant betook himself to his post, and there was a deep pause, uninterrupted save by the heavy soughs of the wind, that rushed in occasional surges from the forest, falling upon the ear like the last deep sighs of a departing spirit. Not a word passed between the individuals, now left together in the wood; but as each leaned against a tree, they seemed to commune with their own thoughts, or perhaps were awed into silence by a fearful presage of the horrid deed about to be acted. There was stern resolution depicted on both countenances; but in that of the principal person, there was mixed with it an expression of cruel triumph—such an one as might curl the lip of a savage, as he raises his tomahawk to hurl it into the brain of his enemy. Presently the shorter person broke silence, in a low tone of fearful confidence.

"This will be a bloody business, Gleason, and a sudden—had we not better hail him first, and be assured that he is on the errand we suspect him of?"

"Hail him? Hang him! Handy will hail him, if he does his work truly, and in a way that will not leave him much the better for the salutation. Assured!—what better assurance need we than his own words? Did he not say last night, that this hour should seal the bond? He shall not break his word—but the bond will be a bloody one, and it shall tie him to eternity."

"And Alice, will she be brought round to our plan? Think ye-shall I marry her?"

"I have said it! To-morrow night she is your wife, or she sleeps not under my roof-tree; she may make her bed with her dead lover, or ere I open my doors upon her obstinacy. But hist! Handy sees something in the gloom yonder."

At this moment, an indistinct object was just observed through the thick darkness, moving forward up the road, in the direction of the spot where Boone had concealed himself. It struck the path, and approached the fatal hedge—now it neared the opening, and the next moment stood within a step of the broken enclosure.

"It is he!" shouted the lurking wretch: there was a flash, and a report, and the victim staggered and fell, with a shriek that would have waked the dead!

The two silent spectators of this scene drew back into their covert the wounded man rose, and with the strength of desperation fled to the wood—he had just gained the spot near which they stood, when a stone from the hand of O'Neil felled him again to the earth. Then rushed forth the three murderous wretches to the spot, where the dying man had fallen at this moment the moon burst out from the clouds, and looked down full and dazzling upon the black deed. The three gathered around their prostrate victim—he was stunned, but not yet dead—all the agony of pain writhed in his countenance—his eyes were filled with blood, and a deep wound in the shoulder flowed profusely. The dying man looked up through his gory tears at the demons who surrounded him, and with a choking voice besought their mercy.

"Why have you done this?" cried he. "Who are ye? What—O'Neil—Gleason, alas!—I see it all—but surely you will not kill me—Gleason, I never wronged you—some water, for the love of mercy!—Ah! help me, friends!—O'Neil, what have I done?—Alice—my love—Alas! thy bridal night!—and I—Oh God!—Raise me, for Heaven's

mercy !"-

Whoever could have looked upon the face of Gleason at this moment, would have seen the blackness of hell glowing there—it was an expression too devilish to belong to mortal—a thought was brooding in his heart at that moment in which demons would have gloated, as rich in the very tyranny of cruelty. It was but a moment—he knelt to the ground, and lifted a huge stone over the breast of the poor half-murdered wretch—he saw it.

"Do not! Do not! Ah! do not kill me, brother of my Alice!" The rock was lifted to the murderer's head.

"Oh God!"

He said no more—the stone descended with the added force of the murderer's arm upon the breast of the wretched Fitzgerald!——The work was done.

What a host of reflections, hopes, and fears, must rush upon the heart of an affianced bride, as the time approaches which is to change her situation of lover, to the dearer one of wife. These are moments that rehearse the events of years-moments in which prospects of the future, are canvassed, and the prying soul, as if vested with prophetic vision, would scan that dark scroll, and lift the veil that hides objects which mystery makes more dear than all things which preceded them. It is then that she recalls the hour when love first stole into her virgin heart—the form of the loved one is before her now, as it then appeared—the first glance of those soultelling eyes again meets hers—the stolen hours of love's sweet converse the leafy arbor-the moonlight-the uttered vows-perchance the ardent kiss that sealed the union of two loving hearts—the confidence that pledged love begat—the repeated vows oft spoken, because—like the utterance of a faery song-its notes were music, and there was in its tones the remembrance of that happy hour-and an assurance of bliss to come-and then the doubt--answered ere it fully existed--of her lover's truth! Sooner would she doubt her mother's tenderness-hers is a confidence tinctured with the bright romance of love-where doubt lingers not, and which nought but reality can weaken. These are thoughts that crowd upon the heart and

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brighten its deepest recesses with the light of paradise—and such as these, were they that fluttered through the palpitating bosom of the gentle Alice, as on this night—decked for the bridal—she sat within her chamber waiting the coming of her promised lord. Her mother had just parted from her, leaving with her in the sacred solitude of her chamber, the holy fervor of a mother's blessing-they had knelt together before the bleeding figure of the crucified, and as tears fell fast and flowing down their cheeks, the parent had asked, through the merits of the holy one, a pardon for all offences of her kneeling child, and besought a blessing upon the vows which were so soon to blend the duty of a daughter with the fond devotion of a wife; and before arising from their humble attitude, they had prayed, as only such as they could pray, for the errors of the wayward son and brother-there was sanctity and sincerity in that prayer, but it came too late! The high purposes of the Great Supreme will be fulfilled although the righteous suffer; and the ban had gone forth. The hour had struck, and yet he came not—new fears soon fell cold upon the heart of the anxious girl-some evil might have befallen him-surely he would not, could not, mean to deceive her. Eskdale moor was an evil place, and dark deeds had been committed there-much did she fear that something of frightful import to his peace and hers, detained him. Alice grew impatient with anxiety; to beguile the time she struck a few notes upon her harp, notes which he had been wont to praise, but there was a fearful harshness in their tones, that grated frightfully upon her ear; she threw down the instrument, and looked out upon the night. Thick clouds were driving in heavy folds over the fair face of the moon-now veiling her light-now passing away and permitting a fitful gleam to find its way to earth; but suddenly again obscuring it, the clouds rushed on. Such, thought Alice as she turned from the window, is life to the miserable -one cloud of sorrow passes away, and a gleam of happiness falls upon the heart -but to be as suddenly obscured by a succeeding grief. She seated herself near her little boudoir, whereon lay scattered numberless souvenirs d'amour-the gifts of the absent one. While her fingers raised each of these little mementoes-she thought upon the occasions when they were severally presented to her, and her heart beat with remembered happiness. At this moment she heard a tap as of a finger nail upon the mirror before her—she started, and lo, upon the glass there was reflected the figure of a pale white hand, the ghastly semblance of the arm and fingers of a human corpse! The trembling girl naturally looked behind her for the real object of the reflection, but she saw nothing -she turned again to the glass, but the figure had vanished. Alice Gleason was a girl of strong mind; superstitious fears, so common in Ireland, even among the best informed, had never troubled her-she had hardly known a day's illness, and her nerves were not shaken by this apparition. She reasoned herself out of her fears in a moment-and attributed the shadow to her heated fancy. Her thoughts again returned to her absent lover -she wondered again at his delay, and devised excuses for his detentionthese occupants of her brain had hardly taken possession there, when she was roused from her reverie, by two distinct taps again sounded upon the looking-glass! She looked up in affright, and there shadowed forth again

was the same deadly vision, while from between its fore-finger and thumb there depended a white handkerchief. The boldest heart might have quailed at this second apparition, but the soul of Alice did not. Thinking there might be mischief meant her, she turned suddenly around to arrest the agent of it this time, but nothing stood between her and the wall-again she turned to the glass, and again the phantom vanished. It was strange, unaccountable-surely Fitzgerald could not have devised this trick at such a time to try her nerves, and then break in upon her fears, and laugh at her folly-but hark! there it was again-three times it struck the glass. Now trembling in every nerve, Alice again cast her eyes upon the mirror, and, horrible to see, there was the same unsepulchred visitant-the handkerchief, and on it drops of blood! As her eyes almost started from her head in the intense agony of horror with which she gazed upon the ghastly spectacle, the fingers opened, and the handkerchief fell from between them! With a shriek of terror, Alice flew to the window-a beam of the moon suddenly fell upon the earth. The figure of her brother-his face gouted with blood, and holding in his hand a kerchief stained with the same crimson witness-rushed past in the moonlight-another shriek more frightful than the first escaped her, and she sank upon the floor-The door opened, and the murderer of her lover rushed into her apartment.

A traveller passing the very next day by Eskdale moor, discovered the corpse of the murdered man, horribly disfigured, lying in a ditch, and half covered with turf, by the road side. A coroner's inquest was held upon the body, and the verdict returned was, "Death by hands unknown." But who were the murderers? There was one person more busy than all the rest in devising plans for the discovery of the actors of this horrid tragedy. That man was Gleason. When the news was announced to him the next day, he was terribly affected-it was natural that he should be so-the affianced of his sister to meet with such an awful end, was cause sufficient for his agitation, and the zeal he displayed in endeavoring to ferret out the murderers. Who could it be? was a question asked on all sides. Fitzgerald was a man generally beloved, for his goodness of heart, and amiable disposition; and it was thought that he had no enemy. The whole country side was active; and more than one who knew the deceased in his lifetime, and had shared his favors, made solemn oath not to lay head to pillow until the murderer should be discovered. A week passed over, and not the most tiny clue could be found to the mystery. In the mean time, to the inquiries of the friends of the widowed bride, answer was returned that, overcome with grief at the tragic demise of her loved lord, she had requested not to be disturbed. The mother of the poor girl, too, could not, or would not be seen. Gleason alone was visible in the cottage, and denied access to his sister, to all comers.

Hope at length seemed to dawn upon the friends of the murdered man. Michael Carrigan appeared, and gave evidence, that on the night of the murder, he was passing Eskdale moor, on his way to the Rector's Glisterie, for the purpose, as he confessed, of obtaining a sapling from thence for a scythe snathe; that he heard the report of a gun, but that the distance and the darkness prevented him from ascertaining from whence it pro-

ceeded; that, after having obtained the object of his search, he turned homewards by the road, and was accosted by Faran McGarvay, who came reeling towards him with a gun in his hand; that he inquired of him what he had shot, and that McGarvay answered he had "shot the Devil on the moor." Believing McGarvay to be drunk as usual, and having some fears for his own personal safety, he did not stay to question him further.

This was the evidence of Carrigan, who added that he should have entered it before, but that he feared the Rector's displeasure would be wreaked upon him for the theft. An indictment of murder was found against McGarvay, who was arrested, and a day appointed for trial.

Alice was fast pining away, and the few intimate friends who were now permitted to see her, found her in such a state of wretchedness, and so changed from what she was, that they departed from her with feelings as hopeless as those with which they would have left her shrouded corpse. Her mother seldom left her; indeed she seemed the very barometer of her daughter's health; for as the one failed, so did the other; and it was evident that anxiety alone for her daughter, was the excitement which kept her from sharing her sick bed. But who can describe the mental anguish of the wretched Alice! That fatal handkerchief, unintentionally dropped in her room by her brother, on that horrid night, left with it the awful conviction of her brother's guilt.

It was a handkerchief which bore the name of her betrothed, that she herself had marked there. It was now held sacred in her bosom, with the cold hard blood of that dear object staining its whiteness. She had not breathed her brother's name to her mother since that fearful night—a mutual conviction of the horrid truth seemed to hold them both silent—and there was the frightful addition of that ghastly vision ever present to her mind. Anxiously did she wait for death—while the hideous fancies that crossed her in the heat of a raging fever, made her sometimes fear the ravings of delirium before that hour should come.

The day of trial arrived, and the court was crowded with anxious faces. Gleason was there, seated near the counsel for the crown, and conspicuous above the res. The prisoner was at the bar, and what was most unusual for him, sober and well dressed. To the usual call of the court, he pleaded, "Not guilty." The evidence of Carrigan was read to him; he did not deny it, but said that he had found the gun. Other witnesses were called to prove that threats had often been made by McGarvay, in his drunken frolics, against Fitzgerald, for having once attempted to restrain him from his dissolute habits; and that moreover, when intoxicated, he was savage, and was known to have maimed his own son in a terrible manner while in one of these paroxysms. These facts were brought up in such strong array against the prisoner, that little chance seemed remaining to him of his life. The jury had returned from their apartment to the courta smile of joy and triumph might have been seen at that moment to mantle the pale cheek of Gleason-when, lo! as the foreman pronounced the verdict, "Guilty!" there was a commotion in the court, and a cry of "Make way there!" heard to issue from the great body of the people, who thronged the door-way. The mass separated in fearful silence, and made

a clear line from the bar to the entrance of the chamber. All eyes were turned towards the door; and Alice Gleason, dressed as if for the grave, with a countenance pale as its inhabitants, and holding between her ghastly attenuated fingers that bloody handkerchief, glided through the line of spectators, and stood before the shrinking form of her terrified brother! Her eyes had all the wild glare of a maniac, as they glanced hurriedly upon that astonished court. The handkerchief fell from her fingers at her brother's feet—"Behold the murderer!" she cried, and fell fainting into the arms of an officer!

Little remains to be told—Gleason was convicted, with his associates, on his own confession—he lived long enough to see his sister buried in the same grave with her lover—to witness the hand of death laid upon his aged parent—and to curse himself for a threefold murderer.

C.

DOWER. By the laws of Canute, if the wife marries again within the year after the death of her husband, she forfeits all right of dower. Such a regulation could scarcely have been of force in the time and country of Hamlet; or his mother's shoes, with which she followed his dear father's funeral, could not have stood in stead at the wedding with his uncle; and unless special exemption had been made in favor of the royal family, the rent-roll of the Usurper would have looked small upon the formularity of the transaction. The law of dower, in the Philippine Islands, is exceedingly immoral in its character and tendencies. It appears that the lover was required to pay a certain proportion of the dowry to his intended wife after the liberty of conversing with her; a still greater share for permission to eat with her; and the whole upon marriage. If the laws did not call for the retraction of the amounts so paid, upon the non-performance of the marriage, what a temptation was there to jilt the swain; and how many actions for breach of promise would there not be, to the great merriment of the lawyers. How curious, were we to refine much upon this latter custom, would it be to regulate the value of a smile-how much should be given for an areyto-how much for taking ma'amselles hand; and-oh! supreme felicity-how much for a kiss?

FROM HORACE.

Away! I loathe your Persian treasures,—
Your costly garlands,—rich perfume!
Then seek not, to augment my pleasures,
The last sweet rose of summer's bloom.

Waste not the winged hours in thinking:
Nought rarer than the myrtle's twine
Shall grace or slave, or master, drinking
Beneath the cool and shadowy vine.

THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEIL.*

THE long promised treasure has been given to the public !- Bulwer's new novel !- Wonderful, wonderful, indeed, is the might of intellect,the unbounded influence, the absolute dominion, of genius over the minds of men. Talk of the omnipotence of wealth !- What is the power of riches in the balance with the sway of talents? A solitary individual sits in his lonely chamber, brooding over his midnight lamp, revelling in the creations of his own imagination, forgetting all,-by none forgotten. Nations, hemispheres, a world, sit hushed in breathless expectation, awaiting the lucubrations of that secluded scholar. The promised work comes forth,-the invalid raises his heavy head from his pillow,-the unwashed artizan snatches a precarious moment from his labors,-the hollow-eyed and anxious merchant rests from his engrossing cares,-nay, more than all, the restless politician turns from the last official returns,to delight their souls; to renovate their spirits, unstrung by too much toil; to fill the goblets of their various understandings from the glorious fountains that well forth, in seclusion, perchance in obscurity, from the brain of a single mortal. What was the empire of Napoleon, what the despotism throned upon the neck, governing the vilest passions, holding supremacy over the mere mud and dust of the human being, to the scholar's immaterial sway,-ennobling alike the ruler and the ruled, shrined in the heart, appealing to the noblest attributes, and exercising its dominion over the moral, the intellectual, the immortal portions of our nature?

Such is the kingdom over which the successful author sits supreme,—such the power, which, since the days of Scott, Bulwer has undoubtedly possessed in a greater degree than any other living author. It is useless for critics to descant upon the errors of his style, the sophistry of his doctrines, the brilliant superficiality of his learning; let them rail as they will, let their censure be just or unjust, it matters not—it is to the heart of man that Bulwer speaks, and the heart of man throughout the universe replies to the stirring call. We are therefore fully aware of the inutility of our expressing an opinion concerning the merits or demerits of his latest fiction, as far as it regards the influence of that opinion on the popular taste; it is nevertheless desirable that persons, who by practice have acquired the habit of divesting themselves of the prejudice of admiration,

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^{*} BY THE AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "EUGENE ARAM," "ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH," &c.

Such is Vesuvius! and these things take place in it every year. But all eruptions, which have happened since, would be trifling, even if all summed into one, compared to what occurred at the period we refer to. * * * * Day was turned into night, and night into darkness, an inexpressible quantity of dust and ashes was thrown out, deluging land, sea, and air, and burying two entire cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii, while the people were sitting in the theatre. Dion Cassius, lib. lxvi.

of inquiring accurately into the causes from which the pleasurable sensations of reading result, and of drawing up impartially a balanced account, as it were, of beauties and defects, should persevere in their much slandered career of duty, for the benefit rather, perhaps, of writers than of readers. A just and able criticism may often, even from the humblest pen, speak with the small still voice of truth to the conscience of the proudest, the most honored, author; it may awaken his honest reflection, it may lead him, when the delusive excitement of the moment, the thrilling glow of authorship has passed away, to acknowledge the existence of errors, which during the intoxication of composition, he has perhaps considered beauties,—to acknowledge their presence, and to guard against their recurrence. Still further it may serve to guard young authors against the perils of imitation, to induce them to consider the sources, rather than the measure, of reputation, and to render them suspicious of the worth of praises acquired by fortune rather than by merit.

This explanation we have thought it necessary to make, for entering into an elaborate review of a work which every one, that reads at all, will read; and of which every one will form his own opinion in defiance of all that we can say; while, in all human probability, in the place of humbling his own self-adulation by deciding, as is his bounden duty, with our decision, seeing with our eyes, and comprehending with our comprehension, he will judge of our wisdom or folly by our accordance or opposition,—

poor empty creature—to his preconceived ideas.

Now let us to our task-"The Last Days of Pompeii" abound, as every thing that its author ever undertook, must abound, with genius;it is brilliant, flashy, replete with gems, powerful in its delineations of character, and interesting withal-but it is all this, not in consequencebut in spite of being a Roman story. Indeed it seems as if the author, having chosen a Roman subject for his novel, had endeavored by the selection of his characters to neutralize the effect entirely .- His hero is an Athenian; his heroine a maiden likewise of Athenian descent; the slave Nydia, a Thracian; the magician Arbaces, an Egyptian. This, in truth, is nothing to the purpose, as regards either the merits or demerits of the work in question-but it is, and in a very remarkable degree, characteristic of the author's peculiar habit, we might say, peculiar affectation. Whether it arises from a desire of appearing original, or from the vanity of proving himself able to work interest out of topics, from which all other men would despair of success, we know not; but it is at least certain, that in his latter novels, instead of seeking for an intricate and progressive plot, wherein his reader may advance from interest to excitement, from excitement to breathless anxiety; he has chosen to adorn, with his wonderful eloquence and brilliant talents, some topic, according to all established notions, utterly unsuited for his purpose. Such was his masterpiece, "Eugene Aram;" such is his "Last Days of Pompeii." It has always been heretofore believed that a certain degree of mystery was essential to the creation of interest;-that the catastrophe should be unknown at the commencement, and thence gradually revealed. In both the latter works Mr. Bulwer has acted on a principle precisely the reverse of this.-The plot of "Eugene Aram,"-or rather the facts on which the

tale is wholly founded, are familiar household words; and, although he has succeeded in producing a work of intense interest, and of power rarely if ever equalled, he has done so under difficulties self-imposed, to an extent which no other writer would have incurred, but which it is difficult to believe that he would have voluntarily encountered, unless with the intention of making a parade of his own superior excellence. It is true that this reflection did not strike us on the first perusal of the wonderful production, to the consideration of which we have digressed; -our mental vision was dazzled by the supernatural lustre, our ideas were absorbed, engrossed, in admiration. The difficulty we perceived at once, but we were inclined to overlook the fact, that it had been courted; we pardoned the bravado in consequence of the splendid success with which it had been crowned; nor should we perhaps have ever been led into the train of thought, which we have here indulged, had we not found him rushing, a second time, into the toils, from which although we grant he has extricated himself, he has not done so without leaving a portion of his trophies behind him. He has acted as a general, who, having rashly engaged with inferior forces an overwhelming foe, should claim the meed of glory for having brought off his troops, not victorious, but merely undefeated; overlooking the great fact that his rashness would have merited reprobation or even disgrace, although its consequences had been not merely free from disaster, but productive of success.

The plot of the "Last Days of Pompeii" without being intricate, is sufficiently complicated to be highly interesting, although by no means equal in this respect to the former works of its accomplished author. It is possible, that much of this interest is lost from our being too well prepared for the catastrophe, and even for the fate of individuals, by their names and the localities of the city. For instance, when we hear of Diomed and Julia, and find them inhabiting the well known and often described mansion without the city walls, we only need that common acquaintance with the remains of the disinterred town, which has been granted to all general readers by the library of universal knowledge, to feel certain that they will turn out to be the unfortunate beings whose skeletons were discovered in the long range of subterranean cellars, whither they had fled for refuge from that universal destruction, which found them no less certainly in their retreat, than the less miserable fugitives, who were killed outright among their ruined shrines and falling habitations.

The tale runs thus—Glaucus, a rich, intellectual, high born, and amiable Athenian, "an Alcibiades without his ambition," after the subjugation of his adored country to the iron men of Rome, has become a sojourner in the imperial city, from whence, at the opening of the novel, he has just migrated, during the heats of summer, to his maritime villa of Pompeii. This Glaucus, who is perhaps the most perfect personification of the highly educated, sensitive, versatile Greek—full of proud thoughts and mournful aspirations after the departed glories of his country, breathing poetry in every word, the human model, from whence the immortal sculptures of the Attic chisel have derived their life—that has ever been drawn

tures of the Attic chisel have derived their life—that has ever been drawn by pen or pencil,—this noble youth, in the default of better subjects for his ambition, has given himself up to the search of pleasure, but though

somewhat luxurious, and even loose in his habits, is represented as possessing an uncorrupted heart, and an unsullied mind. During the progress of the tale he is introduced to the heroine, Ione, a lovely and most perfect creation, an Athenian orphan; who, with her brother Apæcides, has been educated at Neapolis, by the Egyptian sage Arbaces. This fair being he has, at a remote period, encountered in the temple of Minerva, and although not absolutely enamored of her, he has cherished the memory of that meeting in his heart of hearts, and is at once prepared to become the victim of her charms, on his admission to her society. The narration of this event by Glaucus, and the first appearance of Arbaces upon the stage is so beautiful, and so characteristic of the author's best manner, that we shall offer no apology for extracting it. The sketch it offers of the personification of Glaucus is perfectly wrought out in the more finished picture afforded by the entire piece, and we know not that we could select any passage that would give a more perfect illustration of the hero's attractive virtues, than this relation of an event, which has made so deep an impression on his imaginative and poetic spirit.

"You shall hear, my Clodius. Several months ago, I was sojourning at Neapolis, a city utterly to my own heart, for it still retains the manners and stamp of its Grecian origin, and it merits the name of Parthenope, from its delicious air and its beautiful shores. One day I entered the temple of Minerva to offer up my prayers, not for myself more than the city on which Pallas smiles no longer. The temple was empty and deserted. The recollections of Athens crowded fast and meltingly upon me: imagining myself still alone in the temple, and absorbed in the earnestness of my devotion, my prayer gushed from my heart to my lips, and I wept as I prayed. I was startled in the midst of my devotions, however, by a deep sigh; I turned suddenly round, and just behind me was a female. She had raised her veil also in prayer; and when our eyes met, methought a celestial ray shot from those dark and shining orbs at once into my soul. Never, my Clodius, have I seen mortal face more exquisitely moulded; a certain melancholy softened and yet elevated its expression; that unutterable semething which springs from the soul, and which our sculptors have imparted to the aspect of Psyche, gave her beauty I know not what of divine and noble; tears were rolling down her eyes. I guessed at once she was also of Athenian lineage; and that in my prayer for Athens her heart had responded to mine. I spoke to her, though with a faltering voice—'Art thou not too Athenian,' said I, 'O beautiful virgin?' At the sound of my voice she blushed, and half drew her veil across her face- 'My forefathers' ashes,' said she, 'repose by the waters of llyssus; my birth is of Neapolis; but my heart, as my lineage, is Athenian.'- 'Let us then,' said I, 'make our offerings together;' and as the priest now appeared, we stood side by side, while we followed the priest in his ceremonial prayer; together we touched the knees of the goddess—together we laid our olive garlands on the altar. I felt a strange emotion of almost sacred tenderness at this companionship. We, strangers from a far and fallen land, stood together and alone in that temple of our country's deity: was it not natural that my heart should yearn to my countrywoman, for so I might surely call her? I felt as if I had known her for years, and that simple rite seemed, as by a miracle, to operate on the sympathies and ties of time. Silently we left the temple, and I was about to ask her where she dwelt, and if I might be permitted to visit her, when a youth, in whose features there was some kindred resemblance to her own, and who stood upon the steps of the fane, took her by the hand. She turned round and bade me farewell. The crowd separated us; I saw her no more. On reaching my home, I found letters which obliged me to set out for Athens, for my relations threatened me with litigation concerning my inheritance. When that suit was happily over, I repaired once more to Neapolis; I instituted inquiries throughout the whole city, I could discover no clew of my lost countrywoman, and hoping to lose in gaiety all remembrance of that beautiful apparition, I hastened to plunge myself amid the luxuries of Pompeii. This is all my history. I do not love; but I remember and regret."

As Clodius was about to reply, a slow and stately step approached them, and, at the sound it made among the pebbles, each turned, and each recognised the new comer.

It was a man who had scarcely reached his fortieth year, of tall stature, and of a thin but nervous and sinewy frame. His skin, dark and bronzed, betrayed his Eastern origin: and his features had something Greek in their outline (especially in the chin, the lip, the brow, and the throat), save that the nose was somewhat raised and aquiline; and the bones, hard and visible, forbade that fleshy and waving contour which on the Grecian physiognomy preserved even in manhood the round and beautiful curves of youth. His eyes, large and black as the deepest night, shone with no varying and uncertain lustre. A deep, thoughtful, and halfmelancholy calm seemed unalterably fixed in their majestic and commanding gaze. His step and mien were peculiarly sedate and lofty, and something foreign in the fashion and the sober hues of his sweeping garments added to the impressive effect of his quiet countenance and stately form. Each of the young men, in saluting the new-comer, made mechanically, and with care to concealit from him, a slight gesture or sign with their fingers; for Arbaces the Egyptian was supposed to pos-

sess the fatal gift of the evil eye.

"The scene must indeed be beautiful," said Arbaces, with a cold though courteous smile, "which draws the gay Clodius, and Glaucus the all-admired, from the crowded thoroughfares of the city."

"Is Nature ordinarily so unattractive?" asked the Greek.

"To the dissipated-yes."

"An austere reply, but scarcely a wise one. Pleasure delights in contrasts; it is from dissipation that we learn to enjoy solitude, and from solitude dissipation."

"So think the young philosophers of the garden," replied the Egytian , " they mistake lassitude for meditation, and imagine that, because they are sated with others, they know the delight of loneliness. But not in such jaded bosoms can Nature awaken that enthusiasm which alone draws from her chaste reserve all her unspeakable beauty; she demands from you, not the exhaustion of passion, but all that fervour from which you only seek, in adoring her, a release. When, young Athenian, the moon revealed herself in visions of light to Endymion, it was after a day passed, not among the feverish haunts of men, but on the still mountains and in the solitary valleys of the hunter."

"Beautiful simile!" cried Glaucus; "most unjust application! Fxhausted! ah! youth is never exhausted; and by me, at least, one moment of satiety has never been known!"

Again the Egyptian smiled, but his smile was cold and blighting, and even the unimaginative Clodius froze beneath its light. He did not, however, reply to the passionate exclamation of Glaucus; but, after a pause, he said in a soft and melancholy voice,

"After all, you do right to enjoy the hour while it smiles for you; the rose soon withers, the perfume soon exhales—and we, O Glaucus! strangers in the land, and far from our fathers' ashes, what is there left for us, but pleasure or regret?—for you the first, perhaps for me the last."

The bright eyes of the Greek were suddenly suffused with tears. "Ah, speak not, Arbaces," he cried-" speak not of our ancestors. Let us forget that there were ever other liberties than those of Rome!—and glory—oh vainly would we call her ghost from the fields of Marathon and Thermopylæ!"

"Thy heart rebukes thee while thou speakest," said the Egyptian; "and in thy

gayeties this night thou wilt be more mindful of Lewna than of Lais. Vale !"
Thus saying, he gathered his robe around him, and slowly swept away.

He is subsequently admitted to the familiarity of Ione, and they become at once and mutually devoted to each other. The love of Ione is checked for a while by the misrepresentations of Arbaces—a villain in every sense of the word, but a villain, in our opinion, of an ordinary and somewhat vulgar stamp-a sham priest of Isis, in truth an atheist, voluptuary, and sensualist, veiling his inward deformity under the cloak of sanctity, and disporting himself with the passions of men, heedless of the agony to which his pleasure subjects his victim. This wretch, it seems, has succeeded in debasing the young and ardent Apæcides, whose struggles in the toils are

finely and powerfully painted, converting his very virtues into the agents of his pollution and sin; and he entertains the further hope of hurling down the bright and beautiful Ione from her lofty station of beauty and excellence, to be the minister of his pleasures, the slave of his passions. By means of the blind girl Nydia-a youthful slave for whom Glaucus entertains a beautiful feeling of pity and affection, and for whom his delicate care is not the least pleasing or natural part of his character—the confidence of Ione is restored, and the lovers reconciled. Arbaces makes a desperate effort to recover his influence over his fair ward, and even resorts to brutal force; from this peril, however, the noble girl is rescued by her lover, and her repentant brother. For a time all things run smoothly onward. The wedding-day of Glaucus and Ione is determined, and it seems for a while that they have no more to dread from the enmity of Arbaces, who has been suffering by the injuries he received from the fall of a column during the scuffle with Glaucus. The enmity, however, of this fearful being is again wrought into action by means of Julia, who, entertaining an unrequited passion for the young Athenian, resorts to Arbaces for assistance in gaining his affections. The magician, seeing at once his opportunity, furnishes her with a powder, procured from the Witch of Vesuvius, the effect of which is certain madness to the wretch who drinks it. Nydia, who likewise cherishes a hopeless love for Glaucus, steals the potion from Julia, and administers it to her unconscious benefactor-although he drinks but a fourth part of the beverage, delirium follows-he rushes into the streets-is found by the dead body of Apæcides, just murdered by the hand of the magician, on whose evidence chiefly he is convicted of murder, and condemned to the lion of the amphitheatre, -while the Christian Olinthus, one of the noblest conceptions of the entire volume, is similarly doomed, to glut the ravening appetite of the people for human sufferings, by combating a tiger, weaponless and undefended, in the same arena. At this crisis-when Arbaces has apparently triumphed completely over his rival, and, as his ward, gained possession of the person of Ione-his fall is at hand. Calenus, an associate priest of Iris, having witnessed the murder of Apæcides, threatens the real criminal with the discovery of his guilt, in the hope of extorting money; is decoyed by the magician into certain subterranean treasure-vaults, and left there, as the sole witness of his multiplied iniquities, to perish miserably, of despair and famine. The slave Nydia discovers the living sepulchre of the priest, and having been a concealed auditor of the conversation between the murderer and his last victim, conveys the intelligence to Sallust, the Epicurean friend of Glaucus. Calenus is rescued from his vault, during the absence of Arbaces at the amphitheatre; and is produced, as a witness, before the assembled spectators of the game, at the very instant when the lion, stupified by his instinctive prescience of the coming earthquake, quails before the unarmed Athenian. Glaucus is rescued, and Arbaces devoted by the indignant populace to supply his place; at this instant the mountain sends forth its fiery missiles, the work of devastation commences, and, with showers of boiling water, scoria and lava, quakings of the earth and darkness at noonday, the lovely city perishes. Glaucus and Ione, by the aid of Nydia, whose blindness enables her to find her way through the ruined streets,

which to all others have lost the distinctive marks of their identity, but remain to her unchanged, after a thousand dangers reach the sea. perishes by the fall of a vast ruin; rather a lame catastrophe, by the way, and arguing a want of invention on the part of the author, who has resorted to the same improbable mode of foiling the efforts of the villain, on two several occasions. Nydia drowns herself, unable to bear the sight of the wedded bliss of Glaucus and Ione, to accomplish which she has striven with all her powers of mind and body; and of the remaining characters, generally speaking, the more amiable escape, the guilty are destroyed. A letter from Glaucus, at Athens, to his friend Sallust, at Rome, informs us that the Athenian and his bride have been converted by Olinthus to the Christian faith, and are living, in undisturbed felicity, among the once glorious scenes of Athens, by the olive groves and sacred waters of the holy Cephisus. Many characters of perfect keeping, but less intimately connected with the action of the piece, we have been compelled to overlook in our brief sketch; but they are not, on this account, the less admirable or admired. The Christian slave, Medon—the gladiator, Lydon—the gambler, Clodius-the kind-hearted voluptuary, Sallust-are not pictures, but actual living beings.

The progressive action is well managed, and, but for the reader's too perfect insight into the nature of the approaching catastrophe, as well as the remarkable fact that it seems impossible to impart above a limited degree of interest to Roman characters, or a Roman tale, the "Last Days of Pompeii" might be pronounced a work of exceeding beauty. As it is, it is a singular proof of the author's versatility of genius, and of his power of rendering the least attractive subjects singularly pleasing and ornamental. It is a succession of bright and beautiful pictures, not, indeed, possessing the truth or natural vigor of "Pelham," "Devereux," or "the Disowned,"

but made charming by their glowing and gorgeous imagery.

One word in conclusion, concerning the learning, the antiquarian research, and the perfect acquaintance with the manners of the Romans, which many of our critics have been enabled to discover in these pages. Of all these we have found nothing-nothing, at least, which might not have been acquired by any one in twelve hours study of "Adam's Antiquities" and "Gell's Researches in Pompeii and Herculaneum," without even the advantage of having visited the scenes which are described, and thus painting as it were from nature. There is, we are willing to admit, quite enough of lore, to answer all legitimate purposes; but it is truly sickening to hear true scholarship debased, by being ascribed to every superficial writer, who understands the art of blazoning all he knows upon his forehead. We do not mean to be severe on Bulwer, who may, for aught we know, be as deep, as he clearly is an elegant scholar; all we would contend for is, that the most superficial student might possess all the information here displayed concerning the domestic manners of the Romans, and when all was done, would have small cause for boasting. The Latin phrases, interspersed over these pages, are also generally and notoriously incorrect-such oaths as per Jove, per Hercle, &c., being a mixture of Latin and Italian, or a confusion of all grammatical proprieties, which, if they be not errors of the press, are sufficient to proclaim the writer a very

second rate Latinist. The scenes which might be, and have been quoted, are as numerous as beautiful; indeed the entire work consists of gems eminently adapted for quotation, which we are only deterred from transferring to our pages, by two considerations, one the often alledged excuse -want of space-and the other the inutility of reprinting that which every one will read in its original form. Our copy is indeed scored throughout with pencil marks page after page, and perhaps, after speaking rather more harshly than usual of this clever writer, we are in honor bound to give him a chance of displaying some of his own beauties in juxta-position to our censures. We know not, whether the passages we have decided upon, will give satisfaction or not; they are widely different from those heretofore selected, which have consisted for the most part of highlywrought scenes, while ours, are examples of that peculiar tenderness, and that meditative eloquence which have always been to us the principal charm of Bulwer's style. Take, for instance, the delivery of the love-letter to Ione, by the blind slave, and its effect on her noble nature.

The Greek took the letter with a hand, the trembling of which Nydia at once felt and sighed to feel. With folded arms and downcast looks, she stood before the proud and stately form of Ione;—no less proud, perhaps, in her attitude of submission. Ione waved her hand and the attendants withdrew; she gazed again upon the form of the young slave in surprise and beautiful compassion; then retiring

a little from her, she opened and read the following letter: —
"Glaucus to Ione sends more than he dares to utter. Is Ione ill? thy slaves tell me 'No,' and that assurance comforts me. Has Glaucus offended Ione?—ah! that question I may not ask from them. For five days I have been banished from thy presence. Has the sun shone?—I know it not; has the sky smiled?—it has had no smile for me. My sun and my sky are Ione. Do I effend thee? Am I too Do I say that on the tablet, which my tongue has hesitated to breathe? Alas! it is in thine absence that I feel most the spells by which thou hast subdued And absence, that deprives me of joy, brings courage. Thou wilt not see me; thou hast banished also the common flatterers that flock around thee. Canst thou confound me with them? It is not possible! Thou knowest too well that I am not of them—that their clay is not mine. For even were I of the humblest mould, the fragrance of the rose has penetrated me, and the spirit of thy nature hath passed within me, to embalm, to sanctify, to inspire. Have they slandered me to thee, Ione? Thou wilt not believe them. Did the Delphic oracle itself tell me thou wert unworthy, I would not believe it: and am I less incredulous than thou? I think of the last time we met-of the song which I sang to thee-of the look that thou gavest me in return. Disguise it as thou wilt, Ione, there is something kindred between us, and our eyes acknowledged it, though our lips were silent. Deign to see me, to listen to me, and after that exclude me if thou wilt. meant not so soon to say I loved. But these words rush to my heart—they will have way. Accept, then, my homage and my vows. We met first at the shrine of Pallas; shall we not meet before a softer and a more ancient altar?

"Beautiful! adored Ione! If my hot youth and my Athenian blood have misguided and allured me, they have but taught my wanderings to appreciate the rest—the haven they have attained. I hang up my dripping robes on the sea-god's shrine. I have escaped ship-wreck. I have found THEE. Ione, deign to see me; thou art gentle to strangers, wilt thou be less merciful to those of thine own land? I await thy reply. Accept the flowers which I send—their sweet breath has a language more eloquent than words. They take from the sun the odors they return -they are the emblem of the love that receives and repays tenfold - the emblem of the heart that drank thy rays, and owes to thee the germ of the treasures that it proffers to thy smile. I send these by one that thou wilt receive for her own sake, if not for mine. She, like us, is a stranger; her father's ashes lie under brighter skies; but less happy than we, she is blind and a slave. Poor Nydia! I seek as much as possible to repair to her the cruelties of Nature and of fate, in asking

permission to place her with thee. She is gentle, quick, and docile. She is skilled in music and the song; and she is a very Chloris to the flowers. She thinks, Ione, that thou wilt love her; if thou dost not, send her back to me.

"One word more. Let me be bold, Ione. Why thinkest thou so highly of you

"One word more. Let me be bold, Ione. Why thinkest thou so highly of you dark Egyptian; he hath not about him the air of honest men? We Greeks learn mankind from our cradle; we are not the less profound, in that we affect no sombre mien; our lips smile, but our eyes are grave—they observe—they note—they study. Arbaces is not one to be credulously trusted: can it be that he hath wronged me to thee? I think it, for I left him with thee; thou sawest how my presence stung him; since then, thou hast not admitted me. Believe nothing that he can say to my disfavor; if thou dost, tell me so at once; for this Ione owes to Glaucus. Farewell! This letter touches thine hand; these characters meet thine eyes—shall they be more blessed than he who is their author. Once more, farewell!"

It see ned to lone, as she read this letter, as if a mist had fallen from her eyes. What had been the supposed offence of Glaucus? that he had not really loved! And now, plainly, and in no dubious terms, he confessed that love. From that moment his power was fully restored. At every tender word in that letter, so full of romantic and trustful passion, her heart smote her. And had she doubted his faith? and had she believed another? and had she not, at least, allowed to him the culprit's right to know his crime—to plead in his defence?—the tears rolled down her cheeks—she kissed the letter—she placed it in her bosom.

The exquisite delicacy and tender passion of this cannot, we think, fail to awaken the sympathies of the least sentimental readers. Take the tradition, as related by Giaucus, of St. Paul's sermon on the hill of Mars—it is simply—and because simply—touchingly natural and sublime:

"I have often heard enough of the votaries," returned Glaucus, "but of their exact tenets know I naught, save that in their doctrine there seemeth something preternaturally chilling and morose. They live apart from their kind; they affect to be shocked even at our simple uses of garlands; they have no sympathies with the cheerful amusements of life; they utter awful threats of the coming destruction of the world: they appear, in one word, to have brought their unsmiling and gloomy creed out of the cave of Trophonius. Yet," continued Glaucus, after a short pause, "they have not wanted men of great power and genius, nor converts even among the areopagites of Athens. Well do I remember to have heard my father speak of one strange guest at Athens many years ago; methinks his name WIS PAUL. My father was one among a mighty crowd that gathered on one of our im nortal hills to hear this sage of the East expound; through the wide throng there ran; not a single murmur! -- the jest and the roar, with which our native orators are received, were hushed for him ; -- and when on the loftiest summit of that hill, raised above the breathless crowd below, stood this mysterious visiter, his mien and his countenance awed every heart even before a sound left his lips. He was a man, I have heard my father say, of no tall stature, but of noble and impressive mien; his robes were dark and ample; the declining sun, for it was evening, shone aslant upon his form, as it rose aloft, motionless and commanding; his countenance was much worn and marked, as of one who had braved alike misfortune and the sternest vicissitude of many climes; but his eyes were bright with an almost unearthly fire; and when he raised his arm to speak, it was with the majesty of a man into whom the Spirit of a God had rushed!

"'Men of Athens!' he is reported to have said, 'I find among ye an altar with this inscription—TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Ye worship in ignorance the same deity I serve. To you unknown till now, to you be it now revealed.'

"Then declared that sole no min how this great Maker of all things, who had appointed unto min his several tribes and his various homes—the Lord of earth and the universal heaven, dwelt not in temples made with hands; that his presence, his spirit, was in the air we breathed;—our life and our being was with him. 'Think you,' he cried, 'that the Invisible is like your statues of gold and marble? Think you that he needeth sacrifice from you; He who made heaven and earth?' Then spake he of fearful and coming times, of the end of the world, of a second rising of the dead, whereof an assurance had been given to man in the resurrection of the mighty Being whose religion he came to preach.

"When he thus spoke, the long pent murmur went forth, and the philosophers

that were mingled with the people muttered their sage contempt; there might you have seen the chilling frown of the Stoic, and the Cynic's sneer; -and the Epicurean, who believeth not even in our own Elysium, muttered a pleasant jest, and swept laughing through the crowd; but the deep heart of the people was touched and thrilled; and they trembled, though they knew not why, for verily the stranger had the voice and majesty of a man to whom 'The Unknown God' had committed the preaching of His faith."

Ione listened with attention, and the serious and carnest manner of the narrator betrayed the impression that he himself had received from one who had been among the audience, that, on the hill of the Heathen Mars, had heard the first tidings of the

word of Christ!

To pretend to bestow our praises on gems like these, would be equally affected and useless; if any be dead to the exquisite loveliness of these, let them peruse, as a last attempt, the morning after the catastrophe, and the fate of Nydia: - If this move them not, we give them up; they are beneath our notice; in contempt, we leave them to the obscurity of their benighted understandings.

And meekly, softly, beautifully dawned at last the light over the trembling deep! -the winds were sinking into rest--the foam died from the glowing azure of that delicious sea. Around the east, thin mists caught gradually the rosy hues that he-ralded the morning; light was about to resume her reign. Yet still, dark, and massive in the distance lay the broken fragments of the destroying cloud, from which red streaks, burning dimlier and more dim, betrayed the yet rolling fires of the mountain of "Scorched Fields." The white walls and gleaming columns that had adorned the lovely coast, were no more. Sullen and dull were the shores so lately crested by the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The darlings of the deep were snatched from her embrace! Century after century shall the mighty Mother stretch forth her azure arms, and know them not-moaning round the sepulchres of the lost!

There was no shout from the mariners at the dawning light—it had come too gradually, and they were too wearied for such sudden bursts of joy .-- but there was a low, deep murmur of thankfulness amid these watchers of the long night. They looked at each other, and smiled-they took heart-they felt once more that there was a world around, and a God above them! And in the feeling that the worst was past, the over wearied ones turned round, and fell placifly to sleep. In the growing light of the skies there came the silence which light had wanted-the sweetness of repose; and the bark drifted calmly onward to its port. A few other vessels, bearing similar fugitives, might be seen in the expanse, apparently motion-less, gliding also on. There was a sense of security, of companionship, and of hope in the sight of their slender masts and white sails. What beloved friends, lost and missed in the gloom, might they not bear to safety and to shelter!

In the silence of the general sleep, Nydia rose gently. She bent over the face.

of Glaucus-she inhaled the deep breath of his heavy slumber-timidly and sadly she kissed his brow-his lips; she felt for his hand-it was locked in that of Ione; she sighed deeply, and her face darkened. Again she kissed his brow, and with her hair wiped from it the damps of night. "May the Gods bless you, Athenian!" she murmured—" may you be happy with your beloved one!--may you sometimes remember Nydia! Alas! she is of no farther use on earth!"

With these words she turned away. Slowly she crept along by the fori, or platforms, to the farther side of the vessel, and, pausing, bent low over the deep; the cool spray dashed upward on her feverish brow. "It is the kiss of death," she said—"it is welcome." The balmy air played through her waving tresses—she put them from her face, and raised those eyes--so tender, though so lightless--to

the sky, whose soft face she had never seen!

"No, no!" she said, half aloud, and in a musing and thoughtful tone; "I cannot endure it; this jealous, exacting love--it shatters my whole soul into madness! I might harm him again-wretch that I was! I have saved him-twice saved himhappy, happy thought—why not die happy?—it is the last glad thought I can ever know. O sacred Sca! I hear thy voice invitingly—it hath a freshening and joyous know. O sacred Sea! I hear thy voice invitingly—t hat the sacred Sea! I hear thy voice invitingly—that the sacred Sea! I hear the sacred Sea! I hear the sacred Sea! I hear thy voice invitingly—that the sacred Sea! I hear the

fatal Styx—be it so! I would not meet him in the Shades, for I should meet him still with her! Rest—rest—rest! there is no other elysium for a heart like mine! A sailor, half dosing on the deck, heard a slight splash on the waters. Drowsily he looked up and behind, as the vessel merrily bounded on; he fancied he saw

something white above the waves, but it vanished in an instant. He turned round

again, and dreamed of his home and children.

When the lovers awoke, their first thought was of each other, their next of Nydia! She was not to be found—none had seen her since the night. Fvery crevice of the vessel was searched—there was no trace of her. Mysterious from first to last, the blind Thessalian had vanished for ever from the living world! They guessed her fate in silence; and Glaucus and Ione, while they drew nearer to each other (feeling each other the world itself), forgot their deliverance, and wept as for a departed sister.

There is much poetry scattered here and there throughout "the Last Days of Pompeii," but of Bulwer's poetry, we are no admirers; it is not in good taste, meretricious and tinselly, though often harmonious and pointed. It is upon his noble prose that he must found his fame; and, upon the whole, this work will be found to sustain, if not to augment the edifice.

THE FALL OF ANTONY.

And strange to say, the sons of pleasure—
They that have revelled beyond measure
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure—
Die calm, or calmer, oft than he,
Whose heritage is misery;
For he who hath in turn run through
All that is beautiful and new,
Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave;
And, save the future, (which is viewed
Not quite as men are base or good,
But as their nerves may be endued,)
With nought perhaps to grieve.

BYRON.

Some thirty years before the Christian æra, Egypt was not as now a barbarous and desert region, a strip of rudely cultivated land along the margin of the eternal Nile, and all beyond that semi-civilized district a waste of howling wilderness, shifting and fiery sands roamed over by the wild hyena or still wilder Arab, scattered here and there with those gigantic relics of a former race, which, while they recall the original magnificence of the kings, and priests yet mightier than kings, who ruled of yore with a sway revered and dreaded to the very limits of the earth in those huge halls, are now avoided or visited in fear and trembling by the adventurous traveller, as the haunts of the ferocious Berber. Her cities were not then the sinks of mingled filthiness and luxury; a foreign rule had not then paralysed her commerce, desolated her fields, and brutified

her men. In a word, the Moslem had not yet poured a scourge more loathsome and more terrible than the foulest of her ancient plagues upon the gardens of the Mediterranean shore. Egypt, although even then shorn of a portion of her glories, and sinking by slow steps into a Roman province, was still the garden and the granary of the universe. It was a glorious sight to look upon those almost boundless plains, or on that wondrous valley, bounded on either hand by mountains then clothed with artificial verdure even to their summits, in the earliest summer, when the tender herbage of the young grain had spread them with an interminable carpet of the brightest green,-or in the genial noon of autumn, when the tall wheat and bearded barley undulated in every breeze, an ocean of golden fertility. It was a yet more enchanting spectacle to view her hundred cities, teeming with the treasures of the east.-Her temples exceeding in wild magnificence, in gloom, in majesty, the brighter and more beautiful shrines of Greece-her groves of palm, her thickets of acacia, her canals embowered with the broad leaves and lovely blossoms of the azure lotus, her coppices blushing with the scarlet flowers of the pomegranate, or rich with the bursting fig.-Her palaces, her libraries, her quays trodden by the mariners of every known realm, her gallies, that had braved the tempests of the "ocean stream," and visited in their adventurous roamings, the dark and stormy Cassiterides, or yet more wonderful, had been favored by glimpses of those "Edens of the western wave," those Islands of the Blest, in whose remote and uncertain shores the imaginative poets of the Greeks had placed the residence of the departed good.

It was about the period to which we have alluded, that a war-galley of that construction, which had been universally adopted by the Romans, in preference to the lofty and cumbrous castles of the deep only used for purposes of pleasure or display, was to be seen beating in for the Egyptian shore. She was a noble trireme, and it would seem that the builder had exerted his utmost skill to render her not only sea-worthy, and formidable as a vessel of war, but rich even to magnifience in her decorations. Her upturned prow, with its wonted equipage of brazen beaks, to shatter the bows of an adversary, and brazen 'plates to protect her own, all polished till they flashed back the rays of the summer sun with almost intolerable brightness, displayed, along its bulwarks, exquisitely moulded railings of a richer metal; while high in front stood a statue—the presiding deity of Rome—a helmed and crested Mars, sculptured with the utmost finish of the Grecian chisel, in solid gold. The shields, suspended from the channels, were charged with devices of the same precious material, embossed upon the dark blue steel of Iberia; the oars were gilt, and from the castled stern floated-beneath golden effigy of the guardian wolf and the twin founders of the imperial city-a vast sheet of silk, blushing with the crimson effulgence of the Tyrian dye, and, as it was tossed aloft by the light breath of the Sirocco, displaying the initials at which the universe trembled -the SPQR, at whose edict the remote Indian and the nomadic Scythian shook with unwonted awe. Gorgeous, however, as were the decorations, perfect as the entire equipment of the galley, there was a something in her motions, which betrayed, even at a distance, that all was not with her as

it should be; and, on a nearer inspection, it was evident that, while several of her oars were entirely missing, a yet greater number were sprung, and so far weakened as to give her that slow and crippled progress through the water, which the master of the Latin epic has so aptly compared to the painful writhings of a wounded serpent.

Her prow was in several places pierced and shattered; the sails bore evident marks of having met with rougher treatment than, beneath so bright a sky, was likely to have been inflicted by the winds. The breeze, though not favorable, was not exactly adverse, blowing freshly on her beam-it was such a wind as would now be hailed with delight, but, in those days of imperfect navigation, when all weather was considered foul which would not suffer a vessel to run nearly dead before it—though not actually contrary, it was looked upon with distrust at least, and deprecated as producing difficulty, if not danger. In her disabled state, therefore, this noble galley toiled long and wearily before the lofty pharos of Alexandria was seen towering, like a vast column of snow, from the bosom of the placid sea. For many an hour after this splendid landmark had been visible, did she struggle onwards, ere the quays of Parian marble, the long breakwaters, and gigantic moles at its base, could be distinguished in the horizon. Gradually the inner shores of the harbor opened—a vista of pillared porticos, architrave and frieze, of Corinthian or Ionic structure, mingled with massive and fantastic shapes of the earlier style of Egypt, sphynx and colossus, obelisk and pyramid, blended with the everlasting verdure of the palmy gardens, that invested the glorious city with a belt of aromatic fragrance.

High on her prow stood the form of a noble-looking leader, in the very prime of strength and manhood-his frame displaying all the graces of the Antinous, mingled with the sinewy strength of Hercules. To the first might be referred the massive brow, the short curled clustering locks that shaded it, and the somewhat effeminate cast of his singularly beautiful features-to the latter, the broad shoulders, the brawny neck, and the firmness of the muscular development that was displayed at every motion. His eye was of that long-cut, narrow form, which has been supposed to be typical of a soft and luxurious character; but in the dark orbs themselves, when they were raised, there lurked a sparkle, which might easily be kindled into a lightning, splendidly different from the dreamy softness of their wonted expression. In the curve too of his well-defined and ruddy lips, there was a firmness, a bold decision, that almost belied the dimples at their corners, and the voluptuous curve of the chin. He seemed a man who possessed the energy to battle with the universe, to win a world, and the recklessness to cast it away, when won, as worthless. Nor did his countenance misrepresent the character of the triumvir. It was MARC ANTONY, the glorious winner of the Roman world, and its as reckless loser. It was Marc Antony, returning in defeat, and well nigh in despair-save that his was not a temper to yield, even for a moment, to so base a sinking of the spirit-returning with a single trireme from the half-won strife of Actium, hurrying away from his almost victorious fleet in the very instant of con-

quest, to pursue the flying galleys of his fair but faithless mistress; leaving his devoted followers to the mercy of a heartless conqueror-leaving a world, which another hour would have rendered irrevocably his own, to to cast its subject diadems before the feet of young Octavius. Bravelyfiercely had he striven, while the humor was upon him; and farthest into the yielding ranks of the enemy had his brave galley forced his way, until the fatal cry was heard, that Cleopatra, with her sixty light-armed ships, had abandoned the conflict, and was flying sail and oar towards her native shores. At once, and with a double exertion of fierce valor, had he cleft his passage through the shattered galleys of Augustus, risking life a thousand times more freely, and expending a tenfold quantity of noble blood, in order to force his escape, than when a tithe would have secured to him the empire of the universe. Even now, although he knew that he had set his all upon a single die-that he, who might have been a king, was now a conquered fugitive-without a home-a country-a place of refuge-there was no touch of humiliation, or sadness in his mien. His eye was thoughtful indeed, and perhaps somewhat melancholy in its thoughtfulness, but, at all events, such when unexcited was its usual character. Moreover, as he neared the land, as he gradually was enabled to distinguish the things and persons on the quay, there was a sudden brightening of his features, an eagerness of expression, an anxious excitement, almost a nervousness of manner, clearly visible in the quivering of his under-lip, and the unconscious play of his fingers upon the sword-hilt, on which the dark spots of blood denoted clearly how deeply its blade must be ensanguined.

The vessel glided to the wharf-strong cables were extended from her head and stern to the massive rings of brass which studded the noble

piers.

On the instant, a bridge was extended from the galley to the neighboring pier; but, ere the quivering planks were steadied, with an active bound the triumvir had thrown himself over the high bulwarks, and stood in the centre of the eager throng that crowded round to witness the arrival of a galley from the fleet.

"Ho! by the mother of the Gods"—cried an aged man, whose toga proved him a citizen of Rome, as clearly as did the scars on his bold and bronzed visage proclaim a soldier—"Tis Antony himself—victorious too, by Juno, else had we not beheld him here—Shout—comrades—shout!—Io triumphe! Salve Imperator!"

"Peace ho! Be silent!—" shouted a stern martial looking figure on the prow—"Peace—brawlers!—This day is to be marked as black as

Acheron !- Victory-By Pollux-a rare victory !"-

Silently, and unheeding the raised voices and loud queries of the populace, the noble Roman threaded the crowd;—a deeper shade fell on his brow—it was strange—passing strange, that no word from Cleopatra—no sable-visaged messenger, no bright damsel of her court, should have met him on his return. "By the faith of Jove"—he muttered, "but that bitter Horace was not so far wrong neither"—and he hummed in reckless gaiety the well-known stanza of the lyric bard—

At vulgus infidum et meretrix retro Perjura cedit: diffugiunt cadis Cum fæce siccatis amici Ferre jugum pariter dolosi.

"Fie on thee, Antony—hast thou, the veteran of a thousand fields of Mars or Venus—hast thou been cheated by the honeyed words?—the last stake was a heavy one—by Hercules—that crown for which old Julius fell—was worth a higher price than the glance of the brightest eye that ever beamed with woman's tenderness. Foh! 'twas boy's play—boy's play!—but tomorrow—Be the Gods propitious—Soh!—'Tis the palace-gate at last, and swart Melancthon at the portals. What ho! Melancthon—Bestir thee, varlet—Say to Cleopatra—Marcus Antonius sends her greeting—and never will he rest till he be where she tarries, be that where it may!"—

"Now may the gods avert"-stammered the trembling slave-

"What mutterest thou there? begone and speed thy bidding, else will I make thee messenger to Hades!—Where is the fair Egyptian!"

"She is not—Antony"—faltered the trembling Ethiopian, avoiding with the wonted superstitition of the day, the usage of words deemed ominous.

"Is not?"-" What meanest thou-with thy double speeches?"-

"Mortua est—she is dead!" he cried, mustering all his resolution, and then as if fearing the wrath of the triumvir fled hastily into the palace."—

"Dead! Cleopatra dead"-muttered the bold Epicurean, and the paleness of his lips told how deeply he was affected by the unexpected news-"Ho there"-he shouted, "Bear me a flagon of Falernian hither, and the jewelled cup of Isis-the old Falernian-pressed in the first of Marius !-'Twill be my last, on this side Acheron !-- a battle--an empire--and a woman--By the Thunderer, loss enough methinks for one day !-- Lost too forever! The first--that-that might be redeemed--aye and the second won--but the woman--by the bright eyes of Aphrodite-he who has once loved Cleopatra has loved all womankind !-- Marc Antony hath done with battles--Ho, the Falernian! tis well-aye pour it till it froth-hence with the water--pure, let it be pure-for, this quaffed, I have done with wine too!—Sweet Cleopatra—to thee—to thee in Hades or Elysium—if the poets' dreams be true !- Now hark thee slave-say thou to Enobarbus-if Antony hath forgotten how brave men conquer, he hath not"he drained the liquor at a single draught, and hurling the chased and jewelled chalice against the marble pavement, unsheathed his sword, still crusted with the blood of Romans-" hath not forgotten how brave men die !"-and suiting the action to the word, he buried the ponderous weapon in his throat, just above his collar bone, and over the rim of his embossed and glittering corslet. The force of the blow was so great, that he pitched headlong backwards; the cone of his lofty helmet striking fire from the dinted pavement;-the blood gushed in torrents, not from the wound, for there the massy blade was fixed hilt deep-but from ears-eyesand mouth.—After he fell—not a limb moved—not a pulse throbbed—the last breath rushed forth, half choked in blood, with a fearful gurgling murmur.—the broad chest slowly collapsed—the bravest of the brave had perished, for a woman's lie!

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES

OF

THE FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, THE DRAMA, &c.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS. That we have not lately taken notice of this meritorious publication, has arisen not from any indisposition on our part to bestow upon it our meed of praise, much less from any alteration of our opinion concerning its merit, but simply from the fact of our having so often testified to its beauty, that we have thought it ad-visable to confine our remarks to such works as being single in their appearance can only be noticed once. This is, we believe, the first attempt that has been made on this continent to get up a work of the kind, and we are, for many reasons, happy to say that it is meeting, in all quarters, with the most distinguished success. It is undoubtedly owing to the number of similar publications issued, and liberally patronized, on the other side of the Atlantic, that English engravers have arrived at the eminent station in skill and reputation which they now hold; and it is only by the encouragement of such here, that we can hope to rival them. It is by no means from lack of talent that America has not made a greater show in this line heretofore, or at present; but so wretchedly has this branch of art been fostered among us, that, in most cases, the merest drudgery has been found comparatively lucrative to this high and liberal profession. We have, at this moment, two engravers in this city comparable, in their respective styles, to the best European artists, -Durand in portrait and historical, Smilie in landscape engraving; and, although none are perhaps equal, or nearly equal to these, there are several others of genius sufficient to render them second to none, if encouragement enough were extended to them, to enable them to acquire practice in the mechanical parts.—Casilear and Kelly are both line engravers of distinguished promise; and Prudhomme, in stippling, has no equal in America, and few across the water. But, in the

consideration of the talent, of which so much is enlisted in the support of the Portrait Gallery, we have wandered from our subject. We can, however, say nothing new of the work,-it continues to improve—the proportion of Durand's beautiful labor is encreased, and there have been several of Kelly's in his best manner. One fault of this otherwise excellent publication we have before alluded to; but, while we regret that it has not been rectified, we fear that we can perceive it to originate in hard necessity. The defect alluded to, is the great preponderance of living characters who are represented in the portraits, preventing the letter-press of these beautiful volumes from bearing that impress of weight and authenticity of which it would be susceptible were the case different. The fact is this. that contemporaneous biography can never be of truly good authority; it will always either degenerate into mere panegyric, or rankle into malicious calumny. Doubtless there are worthies enough in our historical annals to have formed a rich assortment, but we fear that few of their portraits can be discovered; though possibly an agent in England, furnished with a list of such pictures as were required, might recover many authentic likenesses from the private collections of that country. proprietors would do well to think of this. Could they adorn their work with authentic portraits of some among our earliest ancestors, the men who planted the acorn from whence has burst the mighty oak that now overshadows the fairest portion of a hemisphere, they would improve it to a degree that would well warrant the increase of labor and

Before we quit this subject, we cannot refrain from suggesting, to some of our enterprising publishers, the propriety of getting up a gallery of views of the natural beauties of our noble country; inferior as it is in variety and majesty of scenery to no land but that of the sturdy Switzer. We doubt not that any one who should adopt this idea, would not only further the improvement of the fine arts in one of the loveliest, and in America, most neglected branches—wermean landscape painting—but would reap a golden harvest from the sale of a work, which, we believe, would be no less popular in the land of our ancestors than among ourselves.

HENRI QUATRE, OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE. Harper & Brothers. It is rarely, indeed, that we are called upon to express ourselves unfavorably of any book emanating from this press; but, where much is valuable, it is impossible but that some things must be issued of inferior merit. This is a re-print from an English novel, and has been lauded to the skies both there and by many of our critics here. We regret that we are com-pelled to differ from them. We rate it as the dullest, driest, heaviest historical romance we ever were so unfortunate as to read. It is not, in short, a novel, but a chronicle; a volume of Hume or Gibbon, is light reading when compared with Henri Quatre, and possesses this advantage over it: it will probably leave some one distinct idea on the mind of the reader, which is not the case with the Days of the League, Events and characters are multiplied to such an extraordinary amount, that we would defy the clearest understanding and most powerful memory to retain the know-ledge of the names, much less the identity of the personages, or to keep the run of occurrences, much less find out their bearing on the novel. The battle of Coutras is brilliantly described—it is the only portion of the work that is so--but before we reach the conclusion, the recollection of it is well nigh effaced by a multiplicity of small events, clashing and contending in truly chaotic confusion. Few people can write an historical novel. Since Scott, who will pronovel. Since Scott, who will pro-bably be never approached, much less improved upon, some hundreds of historical tales have been published, of which about a dozen have succeeded, from the hands of about four authors. James has succeeded to the mantle of inspiration, and, although neither equal nor second to the great magician, has at least "occupied the honors nearest to him." Next to James we should reckon Power, the comedian, saving that he is deficient not in quality, but in quantity, his "King's Secret" is perhaps the best effort of the kind since the Waverly Novels-but why is it a solitary one?

Grattan has written some of considerable merit. The heiress of Bruges was decidedly clever—as also Mrs. Hall's Buccaneers. Horace Smith, with many good points, and very great talent, has never written an agreeable or popular work. Brambletye House is the best, but like all the rest, is heavy and pedantic; alas, our list is speedily concluded! We do not know another. The author of Henri Quatre may add his name to the list of those, to whom neither men, nor Gods, nor columns have granted permission to be a novelist. We trust he will transgress no further—if he do so, we promise our readers that we will not review it—for we will not even open it. Requiescat!

FRANCKLIN'S SOPHOCLES. Harpers' Classical Library.-After noticing at length in our last number, Dr. Potter's spirited Translation of Æschylus, we cannot venture to trespass on our readers with another long article on a classical subject. We rejoice to see that the publishers weary not in well doing. They have done more to render classical literature popular in America, than all the colleges and institutions from Maine to Mississippi. The present translation is sufficiently accurate to be consistent with harmony and spirit in its new language. The great beauties of Sophocles consist in tragic dignity, stately pathos, and greater correctness of conduct in his dramas, than belongs to either of his brother tragedians. The Edipus Tyrannus of this author, more closely resembles a modern play, than any other relic of antiquity; it would require but little alteration to adapt it to the English stage. We confess that "The most Tragic of the Greeks" is not so much to our taste as his wilder but far more imaginative and poetical predecessor; nevertheless, there are many who prefer him to Æschylus, and no one can deny the vigor and grace of his conceptions. We trust that ere long Euri-pides will fill up the measure. We would suggest to the Messrs. Harpers, that a translation of the exquisite gems, which are collected in the greater anthology, would be a most acceptable offering to the public. Many of the articles have been splendidly rendered, but we doubt the existence of a complete collection. There are, however, many writers of the day, who could, between collation and translation, supply the deficiencyand the enterprize would be worthy of the firm.

THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC. By an Officer of the United States Navy. Ca-

rey, Lea, & Blanchard.-This work has just been issued from the press, and is well worthy, not only of our notice and commendation, but also of the patronage and encouragement of the public. As above stated, it is the composition of an officer of the United States Navy-one who fully demonstrates by the work before us, that he is a gentleman of shrewd observation, excellent judgment, and liberal education. His style is totally destitute of unnecessary ornaments; simple and pleasing, but at the same time concise, forcible and graphic. He does not aim to clothe scenes and incidents, in themselves truly interesting, with the gorgeous trappings of diffuse language, paying more attention to rounded periods, than correct sentences; he describes those things which he has seen in the most faithful manner, sufficiently in detail, yet not in a wearisome style, and places them before the eye in glowing but correct colors. Works of this kind have been published here be-fore, by men who like the author of the present volume, spent some time in the southern portion of this continent, but they were generally either too concise, or improperly diffused, and failed to interest the reader. The subject is undoubtedly an admirable one; for every true American must feel an interest in those of his brethren who reside farther south than he, and with whom his intercourse would be more familiar, but for the total want of a solid and established government in South America, and the innumerable petty, political difficulties continually created there by the mad ambition of men who wish, yet never were born to command. We naturally look upon our brethren in the south, as a portion of the large American family who have not been equally fortunate with us, in enjoying the blessings of an excellent and established government, and the wholesome effects of education generally diffused. The work before us contains admirable descriptions of principal parts of South America, including Brazil, Chili, Bolivia and Peru, and is compiled from notes taken by the author during six years passed in the Pacific Ocean. As an officer of our navy, he had every opportunity to ascertain the condition, as well political as social, of those amongst whom he was sojourning, and to mingle in the highest classes of society. He embraced these opportunities eagerly, not merely with the intention of gratifying the desire for novelty and adventure so common to all men, but to convey to his fellow countrymen, information on subjects with which they are generally

so little acquainted. He has not omitted any thing; the topography, geology, mineralogy, &c., of the country, its political condition, commerce and agriculture, the manners, and peculiarities of its inhabitants have all engaged his attention, and are all faithfully described, Neither has he omitted the early history of the country, and certain important events connected therewith. He gives a history of Lima, and a full account of the death of Pizarro, taken from the records, and worthy of being implicitly relied upon. We would willingly make extracts from this work, but have not space to do so. Indeed our readers should one and all furnish themselves with copies; they will find that while they are whiling away an hour or two in the perusal of "Three Years in the Pacific," they are obtaining useful and necessary information in regard to the social and political state of South America, subjects of which Americans should be ashamed to confess themselves ignorant. One word for the ladies, and we The author of this work has have done. given much attention to the dark eyed maidens of the south, and describes in the most correct and amusing mannertheir appearance, peculiarities, dresses, &c., and also their method of arranging tertulias or soirées. To the fair sex, these subjects are peculiarly interesting, and they should encourage one who has been so careful to cater for their amusement.

THE MISERIES OF MARRIAGE; OR, THE FAIR OF MAY FAIR. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia .- This is another reprint of one of the soi-disant fashionable novels with which the English press is ever teeming. It is from the pen of Mrs. Gore, the authoress of Pin Money and other-so styled-successful novels. All the writings of this lady possess a degree of merit and interest, although the style is very much that of Bombastes Furioso. Mrs. Gore is one of those ladies who deem it a dishonor to any article to call it by its name-she would term a salt cellar a salinary receptacle, a person's house his domiciliary location, and so forth. This is in all conscience sufficiently ridiculous-but we have a heavier charge to bring against her, than that of merely clipping the king's English. She is one of those writers who think it a proof of intellect, or knowledge of the world, or perhaps of liberality, as she belongs herself to the proscribed classes, to represent the aristocracy of England, the noblest aristocracy in the world, as solely distinguished by their luxury, profligacy, and

notorious vice. To many of the European nobility this description undoubtedly applies; but nevertheless we are bold to say, that there is more educa-tion, more cultivated intellect, more active benevolence, more liberality in this race of men which it is now the fashion of the day to persecute, than in any other class. We may say what we please of their haughtiness, their conservative ideas, and so forth; but posterity will remember, not only that it was not in compliance with, but in opposition to, the will of the people, that the gentry of England passed the bill for the relief of the Irish Catholic; that, if the people afterwards went hand in hand with their leaders, it was the gentry of England who gave the first impulse to the abolition of the slave trade; in short, that if the people of England have now acquired liberal notions, are now ardent votaries of freedom in its most extended forms, they in the first place acquired those ideas, and were advocated into this love of them by the very gentry against whom it is now the fashion to preach up a new and more intolerantly fierce and foolish crusade than in the frenzy of the middle ages were hatched from the brain of enthusiasts and impostors. The injustice of this calumny is not the worst part of it. It is notorious, not only that the mobility of England still labor to ape the faults and follies, while they decry the virtues of the upper classes; but that, strange and lamentable as the fact may seem, numbers of the young men of our cities, who are entitled by their adventitious advantages to make themselves ridiculous, endeavor not merely to dress, and lounge, and quiz, but to cut their inferiors, to play, to ruffle, to be Pelhams, roues, hommes à bonnes fortunes, in imitation of what they fancy to be the mode of the English gentry, misled by the mischievous and silly balderdash of these fashionable novels which, it is notorious, to all who have witnessed the scenes they affect to portray, are written by persons utterly un-acquainted with the habits of the nobility, and abound in solecisms of the most evident vulgarity and absurdity. If not absolutely one of these impertinent scribblers, Mrs. Gore is at least following closely on their traces, and bids fair, in her next work of fiction, to exceed their folly. We would advise her in future, instead of painting the man-ners of the refuse of the aristocracy, to describe the virtues of the minority whose example ought to be followed by all. If her object be reformation, she should be aware that the worst possible way of inducing men to repent and to

amend, is to cause them to believe in their own utter worthlessness; if it be to divert the lower classes from following the evil practices of the worst among their superiors, let her remember that sin, when it is represented as being fashionable, becomes alluring, and that guilt itself acquires a palliation and an authority when dignified by the sanction of high names. We have perhaps We have perhaps wasted time in considering this so seriously, but we are out of patience with the world for the encouragement it gives to trash like that before us. It is, we grant, to a certain degree, amusing; it interests us while we read, but does it speak to our head or to our heart? If not, cui bono ?

DON CARLOS, FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER. By the author of Herbert Barclay.—It is very strange, that out of all the innumerable translations of Schiller, so few are worth a groat. Tragedy has been published in an English form several times--Lord William Russell's being the best, though not a literal version, but perhaps rather a close imitation. After all, we think the Tragedy itself not worth the trouble--it is essentially dull. The present translation is close, even to a fault, adhering to the position of the words in the original, and therefore abounding in involutions which, however graceful in German, are unidiomatic and obscure in the English. The blank verse-the most difficult metre in the world to execute correctly, and the most beautiful, when so executed--is rugged, inharmonious, and incorrect. The earlier productions of this anonymous author, though in many respects faulty, evince the existence of talent in the writer's composition, requiring only cultivation to arrive at a respectable maturity. In all good feeling, we now advise him strongly to quit the muse, and confine himself to prose. Few men are born to be poets-still fewer to be translators-and of the latter branch of composition we can only say, that we esteem it the most thankless, the most laborious, and the most ill-requited branch of literature. If a translation be-admirable, the merit is all attributed to the original; if it be bad, the whole blame falls upon the shoulders of the unfortunate translator.

THE DRAMA.—We must beg our readers to pardon the omission of our usual observations on this interesting topic; for, as our Theatrical notices are always strictly critical, we have been compelled, under existing circumstances, to defer them till a future opportunity.